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CRITIC
OCT 2 1854

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THE CRITIC, London Literary Journal.

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Persons who do not subscribe to the CRITIC generally will be supplied with the numbers containing the quarterly Educational Supplements regularly on the day of publication by prepayment of 2s. for the year, which may be sent in postage or receipt stamps.

THE LITERARY WORLD:

ITS SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE beginning of another month, when there are so few remaining to us—nipping mornings and grey afternoons, fires and lights for dinner and tea—are as sufficient monitions of the approaching end of the year 1854 as were the three warnings Death gave to the hero of Mrs. Piozzi. The afternoons are now drawing in so early, that even the Lamplighter fails long to illumine them; and we find ourselves turning aside to gossip over the events of the day, until the close of the shutters and the advent of the lamp announce the hour for more practical employment. It is universally agreed to be an advantageous proceeding at the end of a day, or the expiration of a period, to glance back over the labours which have occupied it—to weigh out its gains, not overlook its losses, and strike a balance with ourselves for future comparison. At the expiration of each of the two seasons into which the year of literature is divided, it is equally a salutary and wholesome retrospect to look back upon its proceedings—see what work it has actually accomplished, what foundation-stones it has laid, and generally how much the world's wisdom is richer, or likely to be, from it than before. Our accounts with the last spring season, which we may as well balance before the winter bears down upon us, are unfortunately soon made up. The present year, so far as the publication of really successful books is concerned, has been, it may almost be asserted, wholly barren. The *Times* a day or two since, with a laudable desire to comfort its public, announced to us that commercial interests in general had suffered no kind of derangement from the present war; and, indeed, that, if it were not for the wholesome reminiscences of it afforded to us by the demands of an increased income-tax, we might really very easily forget all about it. Though gratified to learn from such unimpeachable authority a fact I should otherwise have been disposed to question, I think I may venture to affirm that, if interests "in general" have not suffered by the war, some of our publishing friends in the Row might have suggested one "in particular" to which it has proved most detrimental in every way. It may be confidently asserted that there is no pursuit which suffers so severely from an unsettled state of public affairs as that of literature. Periods of popular excitement are ruinous to books, and to all but newspaper study, because the mind, when unsettled, is unable to occupy itself with any reading but that of the most ordinary amusement; and the mere journals of the day are able to awaken, by the reality of their details, an interest, with which at such time anything appealing to the ideal seeks in vain to inspire us. To the war then, and the state of suspense to which the public mind was kept for a lengthened period preceding it, and certainly in some measure to the

scarcity and dearness of paper (which will doubtless induce the Government to deal with that question when relieved from their present financial trammels), we may attribute the utter unproductiveness of the past season.

The "cheap" literature, however, has continued extremely prolific. Reprints of venerable fictions of the old school, and flimsy originalities of the modern, would seem, by the speed with which they have succeeded each other, to have suffered less from the times than better things; and to sell as well as though we did not know the old ones by heart, and the new ones were worth reading at all. The great fact that there is nothing, however refuse it may appear, which is not good for some purpose, has no doubt been frequently brought home to our minds by the advertisements of those Hebrew merchants who announce, from time to time, their readiness to purchase, in any quantity, ladies' and gentlemen's cast-off wearing apparel, threadbare court suits, superannuated regimentals, and generally any description of clothing, however dilapidated, for which its owners may have no further occasion. These second-hand garments, with a little mending and furbishing, serve extremely well, at a cheap price, the purposes of those lower classes of the community who, owing less to the world and making less claims on it, have not as yet occasion for better things. But what should we say of a friend, in our own rank of society, who should persist in wearing cast-off clothing from Monmouth-street because it was "cheap"? Yet this is what the middle classes of England of the present day have long been doing in regard to the clothing of their minds! Our cheap-publishers have been purchasing "to any extent," for their various libraries, authors' worn-out novels, cast-off copyrights, literary misfits already tried in some other shape and found not saleable, and occasionally even, like their Hebrew prototypes, stolen goods, in the shape of American reprints. And we have been buying them, instead of good books really adapted to our rank in knowledge because they were "cheap." For instance, the "Last of the Mohicans," venerable chieftain, after witnessing days of great prosperity and mixing in the best circles, descended the scale of society until he reached finally the double-columns of a cheap newspaper, with an illustration complete for three pence, has just risen upon the public again in all the glories of fancy-boards as one of the novelties in the series of Mr. Somebody's "Readings for the Carpet-bag." The varied works of that industrious weaver of human destinies, Mr. G. P. R. JAMES, after passing already through every description of edition, till for any further literary purposes they would seem to have been worn completely threadbare, start up hydra-headed upon us again in Mr. Somebody else's "Novels for the Knifeboard," in company with modern funny books devoid of any humour not pillaged directly or indirectly from the pages of *Punch*, or facetious with all the coarseness of American conicality. Such is the order of literature which has for a long time replaced in our libraries the good editions of a sound class of works, which we used to buy to read, and place as friends upon our shelves when we had read them; and it is to such study as this that the younger members of society are devoting the limited time they can afford to literature in these days of such advancing intelligence in other classes. There is no objection to be raised for a moment to the greater portion of this "cheap" literature any more than to the second-hand bargains of the Jew salesmen. It is, for the most part, useful and good mental pabulum for those lower classes of society, who will gradually become more and more large and important consumers of knowledge, and to whom exciting fiction and broad humour form the most natural transition from the foul corruption of Mr. Reynolds and his school, to that healthier and more bracing literature in which we, of the ranks above them, should now be deeply progressing. But it is not the reading for us. The world's examination-papers for our class, for the years we are coming to, will, we may feel assured, be drawn from sounder classics than the worn-out romances of even clever novelists, or the "Fooleries I have Fathered," and such like buffoonery of modern slang literature.

A cheap edition of the works of Lord Byron (which, with the exception of two cantos of "Childe Harold" are now out of copyright), a Treatise on Ancient and Modern Fish-Tattle (what is fish-tattle?), the first volume of Mr. PETER CUNNINGHAM's edition of JOHNSON'S Lives of the Poets, and a new tale by the author of the "Heir of Redcliffe"—a rather motley combination—are the principal literary offerings which we are invited to discuss while awaiting the luxuries of Christmas and 1855.

The Government of France is, it is stated, about to publish the official correspondence of the Emperor NAPOLEON—a circumstance which will be interesting to those who are partial to romance-reading. The necessary transcriptions for this purpose have been long since made, the publication having been a design of the Emperor during his lifetime. For this purpose a considerable number of his letters to the Minister of War, which had been carefully preserved in the Bureau des Archives, with all the war correspondence from the time of LOUIS XIV., were withdrawn and copied by BOURRIENNE and his assistants under the Emperor's immediate superintendence, with such alterations, additions, and omissions as

change of circumstances seemed to his Majesty to render desirable; and the originals were destroyed. Fortunately, however, the stirring incidents of the latter days of the imperial career stopped the work of demolition, and some of the original letters, which had escaped with the copies, if copies they can be called, were discovered and returned to the War Office in the days of the BOURBONS, and afford, if they still be in existence—for it is long since I saw and compared them—an amusing evidence of the amount of truth history is likely to gain by the proposed publication.

A work of fiction, also founded on fact, in the shape of a novel based upon the repulsive history of the CENCI, has, I observe, just been suppressed by the Government of Tuscany. If the censor of the press never interfered more unwarrantably with literature than to put an extinguisher upon the halo with which morbid genius should seek to invest this odious subject, the world might have had little with which to reproach it. By the way, while we congratulate ourselves upon the freedom which writers enjoy in this country in the expression of their thoughts and opinions, we must not fail to bear in mind that its Government confines its bounties to them pretty nearly to that inexpensive gift. A correspondence has recently been published between the PREMIER, Lord ROSSE, and Lord WROTTESLEY, on the subject of an application which had been made to Government for a pension from the Civil List of 200l. a year to Professor PHILLIPS, which Lord ABERDEEN had been compelled to decline, because, from the numerous claims upon the fund from which such pensions are granted, he found himself under the necessity of confining them to cases in which they might be an object of pecuniary importance. The annual devotion of 12000l. a year to the recognition of the claims upon the country of Literature, Art, and Science, in the persons of their worthiest professors, would be small enough in a nation, the Government of which does not deem it its duty to afford any assistance in the production of those laborious and unremunerative works, storehouses for the student, which the Governments of countries, ages behind us in civilisation, have so largely contributed to the wisdom of the world. But when this modicum has to be divided between the following comprehensive classes: "Persons who have just claims upon the royal beneficence, or who, by their personal services to the Crown, by the performance of duties to the public, or by useful discoveries in science and attainments in literature and the arts, have merited the gracious consideration of their Sovereign"—we may very fairly say, Heaven help the *kindness*! and admit, with Lord Aberdeen, that the whole of the funds alluded to might very readily be disposed of in conformity with the directions of Parliament, without any reference to science, literature, or art at all. A glance at the Pension Returns in which special constables and heroic ladies who have distinguished themselves in times of danger, court favourites and court servants, writing-masters and dancing-mistresses, and other miscellaneous patriots who have deserved well of the state, make an imposing show—will satisfy us of the difficulties which the Government must experience in dealing with the less ostentatious claims of the Muses. HENRY WILLIAMS, ironmonger at Newport, who it appears was wounded during the riots there, deserved perhaps his humble allowance of 20l. a year from the Civil List, as well as Lady SALE did her 5000l. from the same source. We have no word to say against either. 400l. a year to the Baroness LEBZEN was, if report speaks true, an advantageous investment in purging the British Court of the presence of that lady; and I protest I do not grudge SOPHIA WYNKARD her 200l. a year, for long and faithful services to her sovereign, any more than I do the pension of 50l. given, in the same year, to the widow of the African traveller CLARKE—though the one might perhaps have been a little more, and the other a trifle less. The services of Madame BOURDIS in teaching her Majesty dancing were, I am quite satisfied, not greatly over-rewarded, under the circumstances, by a pension of 1000l., any more than those of Mr. STEWART, to whom the world is indebted for her truly royal sign-manual. But it certainly seems that provision for recompensing services of these various characters ought to be made from some distinct source; and that the precise degree of recognition—be it little or be it much—which the Government of this country is enabled by its people to offer to their teachers, should be clearly and distinctly defined, and they and the world at large be in a position to see at what value the greatest nation of modern times appreciates its greatest gifts.

I observe that Government holds now the opportunity of recognising, with advantage to the country, sound and appropriate claims from the classes in question, by the resignation by Major-General THWAITES of the appointment of Secretary to the Trustees of the National Gallery, and the decease of Mr. FRANCIS WATTS, for many years the editor and publisher of the *London Gazette*. I regret also to have to notice the decease of Mr. E. W. BRAYLEY, the well-known author of the "History of London," and of Mr. BARTLETT, to whose "Walks about Jerusalem" we are indebted for much popular information in regard to the Holy City.

THE HERMIT IN LITERATURE.

ENGLISH LITERATURE.

PHILOSOPHY.

Alexandria and her Schools. By Rev. CHARLES KINGSLEY. Cambridge: Macmillan and Co. 1854.

WE are afraid that Mr. Kingsley, like his friend Mr. Maurice, is trying to excel in too many things. Genius is supreme vocation to one field of effort; and the more it attempts to squander itself in a thousand directions, the more must that field be neglected. Unity of purpose is the grand condition of success; and if we would ascend to the summit of the mountain, we must not climb all the little hills that tempt us by the way. You cannot be monarch of a mighty realm and master of a workhouse, the commander of armies and parish beadle. In proportion to the number of matters you do well, must your chance of unrivalled skill in some single matter be diminished. Now, whether Mr. Kingsley has genius or not, he must beware of expecting to form an exception to a rule of such adamantine stringency. He has a vigorous style, a fresh and hearty relish for the scenes and circumstances of the present, and a quick pictorial eye. He is among writers what Haydon was among painters; the power is undeniable, but the application of the power generally faulty. He attempts too often to achieve by exaggeration and emphasis what an abler artist would accomplish by a few simple strokes, and without any parade of exertion. If he were satisfied with picturing certain aspects of English society, certain features of English landscape, he would, in spite of his Carlyle contortions and howlings, be performing a labour for which he has marked and abounding gifts. But, not contented with being the masculine though somewhat coarse and occasionally canting delineator of the English world, as it exists, he has appeared in the various parts of poet, philosopher, prophet, orator, and agitator, giving us to superfluity bold and dashing sketches, but failing deplorably as agitator, orator, prophet, philosopher, and poet. He is as Samson among the authors of magazine articles; and let him stick to the magazine article, and we shall, no doubt, be found among his admirers. But the Samson of the monthlies blunders sadly if he believes that he can be the hero or the conqueror, the Alexander, the Hannibal of everlasting time. A jumble of Chartism, Socialism, fierce theological dogmatism, oracular commonplace, with pithy portraiture of England's ugliest sores, is the most that we have discovered in his books. No deep thinking—no burning invincible eloquence—no ideal yearnings—no colossal imagination—no sublime Isaiah breathings. And, if the English community were that horrible, loathsome leprosy which he continually assures us that it is, where would Mr. Kingsley's place naturally and nobly be? Might he not find better employment than scribbling novels and dramas and Platonic dialogues? Ought he not to rush with all a martyr's valour, all a martyr's disregard of self, wherever the pang is the keenest, the wound the deadliest, the filth spreading the moral pestilence the foulest? We do not want to be amused with picturesque phrases in the face of the pollution, the gangrene, and the plague. We insinuate no charge against Mr. Kingsley of conscious insincerity; this is a grave accusation to bring against any man. But, like every imitator of Carlyle, with whom we are acquainted, he misleads himself, and misleads others, with big, bullying words, which are as remote as possible from reality and action. Carlyle, his grand model, however, in spite of much apparent eccentricity, is a man of the shrewdest, soundest sense—and in nothing does he manifest this so much as in his choice of subjects. His genius being entirely that of the great painter, he never selects subjects where the painter's art comes awkwardly in and mars instead of assisting. Even when he assumes the Prophet's mantle, it is to heighten light and shade—to perfect graphic effects. You will wait a long while for his life of Pythagoras—his discourse on the philosophy of the Hindoos—his Platonic dialogues on the development of vitality and beauty in tadpoles. Opinions may vary as to his generosity, earnestness, and chivalry; they cannot vary as to his profound sagacity, united to his marvellous artistic instinct. Now, how well for Mr. Kingsley

if, when imitating Carlyle in so much, he imitated him in the wise selection of the subjects which are the fittest for a painter! If he believes that he is condemned to the poor career of an imitator, let him not console himself by ebullitions of individuality and independence there, where these tempt him on to the maddest antics. We painfully feel that there is more here than a sin against art; there is an offence against modesty, against propriety. Literature is growing more and more a powerful social agent. It can only be an agent for good in the degree that we regard each of our literary productions as an act of worship. So every foremost artist has ever regarded his creations. You degrade literature as much by making it shallow as by making it obscure. How heavy is Mr. Kingsley's guilt in this respect. He is ready enough in his works to rebuke sciolists; yet what is he himself but a sciolist? He tells us to know and do, not many things, only one or two things—to know, however, and to do, the one or two things well. Let him follow his own counsel. Let him refrain from dilettante dabbling in whatever comes across him, either in the newspaper or the encyclopedia. He really has no versatility; he is no Goethe, no Voltaire. Let him speak to us about fly-fishing, if he chooses—but not about the gods; about cheap clothes and nasty—but not about the eternal renewal of religion's garments age after age; of the woodland, the brook, and old English sports—but not about revolutions.

The department of literature from which we should most carefully debar Mr. Kingsley, if we had any control over his lively and noisy movements, would be ancient philosophy and metaphysics. There is no literary man of any eminence more unfit to utter a potent pregnant word regarding them. In the first place we assume that, for any one to speak profitably on ancient philosophy and metaphysics, he ought himself to be a philosopher and a metaphysician. It would be the merest mockery to ask whether Mr. Kingsley is so. He would probably be offended if any one thought him either. In the second place, as all ancient metaphysics and philosophy were growths and evolutions from the most ancient religions, it is presumptuous to discourse of or to chronicle the former, without not only accurate and ample knowledge of, but vital secund sympathy with, the latter. Mr. Kingsley's knowledge in this region we cannot judge harshly, seeing that he gives no proof that he has any. So far from having sympathy with the most ancient religions, he does not conceal his conviction, which is identical with the current belief, that they were little better in the main than priestly impostures, debasing idolatries. In the third place, Mr. Kingsley is strikingly deficient in five primordial requisites for studying, appreciating, and portraying ancient metaphysics and philosophy—a sense for the symbolical, a sense for the mythological, a sense for the antique, a sense for the classical, and a sense for the catholic. He is a modern pictorial dogmatist—as his worst, as his best, he is this; and he is a sectarian, and a bitter sectarian, too. That he cannot be penetrated by the magnificence of symbolism and mythology is evinced enough by his inability to enter into the heart of the most ancient religions, which were so notably and so richly symbolical and mythological. Of the antique, of the classical, he has plainly nothing more than he can get from the grammar and the dictionary. The antique never came as a life to him, or the classical as a revelation. And he is so little catholic that things always narrow instead of expanding in his hands. Besides, he looks at all philosophy and all metaphysics from entirely a wrong point of view. We are not less insensible than he, we trust, to the grandeur of a moral or religious reformation. The prophet is not less to us than to him a divine glory when fulminating forth into the midst of a corrupt and craven age. But how absurd and how unjust to condemn the philosopher or the metaphysician for not being the prophet! How silly to contrast the ardour and onrush of some vast popular movement with the subtle abstractions of solitary sages! How still sillier to expect that philosophers or metaphysicians can be chief or energetic instruments in the culture of nations! Their

work as metaphysicians and philosophers can never largely extend beyond the realm of philosophy and metaphysics. If Germany and Europe demand another Luther, God will raise up another Luther. The utterances of Kant, Fichte, Hegel, Schelling, will not go to swell the whirlwind, or be accepted as a substitute for it. The disciples of Carlyle are incessantly gabbling about the concrete, as if even the most fervent enthusiast for ideas were ever inclined to place them higher than the hero as person, or the people as hero. Those who have achieved most in the region of the abstract are often those who have the firmest faith in the massiveness and majesty of the concrete. Whose voice rose so magnificently as Fichte's when the shame and the torture of an invasion had to be hurled from Germany? What brought ideas, philosophy, metaphysics, into such immense discredit, was the foolish, futile babblement of the schoolmen. Because the schoolmen poured out illimitable balderdash on babyisms, therefore ideas, metaphysics, philosophy, are to be unsparingly, unconditionally denounced. But the schoolmen were not metaphysicians or philosophers; they were grammarians, logicians, theologians, though they might mutter glibly enough a metaphysical jargon. Without discussing the value of metaphysics as an intellectual discipline—though, in passing, it may merely be observed that there are numerous minds to whom they are as needful and useful for this purpose as mathematics are for other minds—it is undeniable that metaphysical philosophy, when worthy of the name, has ever deepened men's awe for the mysterious, has ever enlarged men's vision of the infinite. It is one of the most celestial idealisms: and can society have too many celestial idealisms? The same objection which is brought against metaphysics may be brought against poetry. It also is remote from the ordinary pursuits of our race; it also is one of the celestial idealisms; but is not this precisely chief among its recommendations? Dialectics are the connecting link between logic and metaphysics; and Mr. Kingsley seems inclined, while denouncing metaphysics, to take dialectics under his most vigorous protection. We, on the other hand, are disposed to regard dialectics as utterly barren, and metaphysics as unspeakably fruitful. We find Plato the metaphysician truly and abidingly interesting, but Plato the dialectician utterly arid; and if Socrates talked at Athens as he often talks in Plato, we should have shunned him as a consummate bore; and, though we should not have forced him to drink hemlock, we should certainly have relished the satiric lash of Aristophanes applied to the back of a man who, even when ridiculing sophists, was himself the prince of sophists. And in truth no one can be a dialectician without being a sophist. Dialectics is not the most cunning, but it is the most complicated art of sophistry; tiresome in the degree of the complication; and the divine Plato is frequently dull, though it requires some courage to say so. If the stern old Romans of a better time dreaded the influence of Greek literature, it was Greek dialectics, not Greek metaphysics, which alarmed them. They dreaded those ingenious distinctions and that boundless blarney which eat away the sound strong morality of a people. And they were right. At all events, if the writers and thinkers whom Mr. Kingsley denounces were the miserable creatures that he represents them, it was from being too faithful to his favourite Plato the dialectician. And, if he blames them for not being prophets, we may ask whether the mighty Cambridge god Plato had much of the prophet in him?

Considering Mr. Kingsley as unfit to write on *Alexandria and her schools* as Mr. Charles Dickens would be to give us a new life of Aristotle or a new commentary on the Apocalypse, we cannot expend much criticism on this volume, which is exceedingly crude, superficial, and flippant. The style is a curious compound of the stilted and the colloquial, with broad glaring dashes of the Carlyle brush here and there by way of variety. Mr. Kingsley speaks of some of the richest and noblest souls that ever helped to make this earth holy and wise, with a real or affected contempt which is in the highest degree unbecoming. He informs us that he is an humble

disciple of Bacon; if so, he certainly makes up for his humility towards Bacon by his want of it in everything else. If we were inclined to be harsh, we should name this a most impudent book; not to be harsh, we shall merely say that Mr. Kingsley much overrates his satirical talents, and is singularly unfortunate in the choice of subjects for his not very striking wit. Jokes which would be poor in *Punch* are worse than poor when you spit them with malignant imbecility at Plotinus and Proclus. There are, however, three excellent jokes in these lectures; first, that they were ever delivered; secondly, that they were ever published; and, thirdly, that they were both delivered and published, as Mr. Kingsley confesses, contrary to his own wish. It is, perhaps, a better joke than all the three that it was an Edinburgh institution which fixed on his subject for him, and urged the printing of the lectures for the illumination of Scotland and the instruction of mankind—Edinburgh being a place where, except one illustrious scholar, no mortal knows aught regarding the development and history of philosophy and metaphysics.

The cardinal error of the book is the supposition that Alexandrian thought was, in the main, a Greek inoculation, whereas it was intensely and consummately Orientalism, though it might employ Greek formulas—an Orientalism more venerable, too, than any Philo-Judaus eclecticism. As Mr. Kingsley chooses to contrast the heathen metaphysics and the Christian metaphysics of Alexandria, it may be well to state that it was the Christian metaphysics which was an importation, while the heathen metaphysics was the product of the oldest Orientalism. Now it was natural for the Christian Fathers to depreciate and to distort the adverse metaphysics in their conflicts with the Alexandrian philosophers, conceiving it to be fatal to the simplicity of the Gospel. But that, in offering us a record of Alexandrian thought, Mr. Kingsley should merely revive that ancient controversy, and should display a fierce controversial spirit while disclaiming all polemical intention, is fit offence, not for literary chastisement, but for grave moral rebuke. The Christian Fathers fought the battle valiantly, and according to the light that was in them; and they were not wrong in attacking philosophy, but in pretending to have a philosophy of their own while declaring themselves the diffusers and exponents of a supernatural revelation. For Mr. Kingsley no similar excuse can be made; instead of lofty, generous chronicling and profound criticism we have a bad, boasting, brawling sneering pamphlet; and, if this is a specimen of Platonic dialectics, God save us ever from another dose of the same.

ARTICUS.

The Collected Works of Dugald Stewart, Esq., F.R.S.S.
Edited by Sir WILLIAM HAMILTON, Bart. Vol. II.
Edinburgh: Constable and Co.

THE second volume of this magnificent edition of the collected works of Scotland's greatest philosopher, commences the treatise upon which his fame mainly rests—at least, by which he is most widely known and for which he is now most frequently consulted—the *Elements of the Philosophy of the Human Mind*, preface by a portion of his *Outlines of Moral Philosophy*.

It is remarkable that Stewart starts with a principle which he entirely eschews in practice. In the third section of the introduction, reviewing the causes of the slow progress of human knowledge, and particularly of the philosophy of mind, he attributes it partly to "a disposition to grasp at general principles, without submitting to the previous study of particular facts." Having thus condemned his predecessors, and very justly, it might have been expected that he would proceed to set a better example, and, instead of inventing a theory, that he would have gathered together a vast array of facts, and then deduced from them the laws of mind as indicated by the facts. When he began his task, it is, we think, clear that such was his design; but he had not patience enough. Fact-gathering is too tedious and slow; it would be the work of a life; so he soon throws it aside, and, like his predecessors, constructs a theory, and then moulds his facts accordingly. He has rightly said that this is the true cause of the backward condition of mental science, as compared with the rapid progress of physical science; and he has done nothing to remove it, or to encourage a different form of investigation. Consequently, after all his labours, he leaves the science of mind much in the position in which he found it.

The popularity of this famous treatise was mainly due to the lucidity of the author's composition, which led his readers to fancy that they thoroughly comprehended him, and that philosophy was a much easier and prettier study than they had expected. Stewart is, indeed, unrivalled in the art of clearly expressing himself. Browne surpassed him in brilliancy of com-

position and in the graces of style; but the severe simplicity of Stewart pleases more in the end. He enlightens; Browne dazzles.

Since Stewart first published this treatise in 1792, the science of mind has made considerable progress. Not only has it been studied more philosophically by the process of experiment and the collection of facts, but some positive advance has been made in knowledge of its faculties. Stewart will consequently require to be read with caution, so as not to mistake his theories for facts; but, forewarned of that danger, the student will find a great deal of pleasant and profitable reading in these pages, and he will have his style improved and his mind strengthened by perusing them. Literature is indebted to Sir William Hamilton for giving to it so handsome an edition of the works of one of the foremost of the moral philosophers Great Britain has produced.

BIOGRAPHY.

The Life and Correspondence of Charles Lord Metcalfe, late Governor-General of India, Governor of Jamaica, and Governor-General of Canada; from unpublished Letters and Journals, &c. By JOHN WILLIAM KAYE. 2 vols. London: Richard Bentley.

WE hope to be among the first to spread the information—as we now, advisedly and confidently, wish to spread it—that these two volumes contain the best written English history that we have had since the days when Mr. Macaulay's history first dazzled and delighted the world. We acknowledge a feeling hardly less vivid and grateful on rising from the perusal of this work; and it is a feeling in which surprise is as prominent an element as either pleasure or gratitude. Mr. Kaye is unknown to us as a writer. It appears, from the title-page of his present book, that he is the author of a "History of the War in Afghanistan." We regret to own that we are not acquainted with it. But we will venture to say that whoever has the good fortune to come across his *Life of Lord Metcalfe* will ever after look with eagerness for everything superscribed with the name of John William Kaye.

Yet he may well be more than commonly proud of his present success; for he has succeeded, entirely and brilliantly, in a province of literature where nearly every one has failed. Of all that dull farrago of impertinent and uninteresting facts, which people have consented to receive as English history; no part is duller, and none worse executed, than this chief constituent—Biography. Yet history, when analysed, is only a combination and quintessence of biographies. We eliminate carefully—often much too carefully—the details of home-life and individual character. We merge persons in communities, and motives in actions. Instead of a living picture of a society in a particular era, we are given a representation of a huge galvanic machine—a chimera and realised monstrosity—a soulless product of a barren and yet fantastic statistician—and bearing about the same relation to the original type as Frankenstein's terrible creation bore to himself. But facts, however well chosen and indispensable, will, alone, no more make history, than bones, flesh, and circulating blood, cast in a certain mould, and endued with thought and speech, will make man's mysterious essence; neither will the personified attributes of an ordinary novel hero make the human-hearted men whom we recognise as fellow-creatures. So it is in history. Certain puppets are set in action for our entertainment and instruction; ingenious Marionettes, which we look at once with interest, and ever after with indifference and fatigue. Is it possible that these wire-drawn Larvæ are the express images, or even the faint likenesses, of our great grandfathers: for, as for our great grandmothers, they are considered far too insignificant for history to notice them even with a side-glance? Are we really descended from electrical automata; or were our highly respectable ancestors human creatures, with passions like ourselves? Did they eat, drink, and make love after our fashion? Did they laugh and weep, and sometimes grumble, as we do? Did the court ladies and gentlemen of Queen Elizabeth talk over their breakfast of ale and roast-beef as we do over our tea and toast? What did they say about Her Majesty? What did they say about each other? What was that gossip about a certain Royal Mistress having jilted Raleigh for Hatton? What was that talk of White Rod in Waiting with the pages about the democratic outcry against the Monopolies? What were the sturdy gold-chain-wearing and beffed London citizens saying about them, while their wives and daughters were talking of

fashions, and of the handsome young cavalier who passed so often before the house? A blessing once for all on Jocelyn of Brakelond for telling us how the monks of the eleventh century discussed the election of their Abbot Samson; a blessing on those who preserved the Paston Letters; a blessing on inestimable Boswell; and we are almost inclined to add a fourth blessing for the glimpses which Mr. Kaye gives us into the inner and better life of a true man like the late Lord Metcalfe.

We shall make no apology if we linger over this subject in this and a following number. Good biographies are too rare, we repeat, for the world to pass slightly over one that is really good, as this is. Among all who have ever written English biography, there are hardly half a dozen successes; and we count Mr. Kaye as one. There is Boswell at the top of the tree. There are Prior's *Life of Burke*, and Tomline's *Life of Pitt*, at the very bottom—dull, heavy, indigestible. There is Moore's *Byron* standing very high; and Moore's *Sheridan* standing very low. There is Southey's *Nelson*, Irving's *Columbus*, Cunningham's *Burns*, and Carlyle's *Sterling*—all good; and the last a marvel of its kind. There is an unnameable list of respectable mediocrities, disowned equally by gods, men, and columns. There is Stanley's *Arnold*—a masterly work, but deficient, as being a record of mere excellent attributes. There is also Phillips's *Life of Curran*, which, fine in parts, is extravagant in others, and certainly not worthy of Lord Brougham's hyperbolic praise. The list of respectable, but far from perfect biographies, might be somewhat extended. In all, salt is more or less wanting—racy, graphic representation (in the Latin sense)—truthful reproduction of extinct realities into present actuality is utterly wanting. Biographers, as a rule, describe, and never paint.

If the subject is made to paint himself, it is well, but not satisfactory. Autobiographies are among the most valuable materials of history: memoirs of every kind are invaluable. Letters and journals go a great way; but it is never quite safe to trust the narrator. An efficient Greek chorus is wanted on all occasions to stand by, to select, to correct, and to suppress the exuberance of garrulous egotism. Except Rousseau—if we may even except him—it is probable that no one ever wrote memoirs without concealing, and even falsifying, far more than he has revealed of himself and his career. This reticence may be justifiable, or certainly excusable; if a man paints his own portrait, he naturally chooses a favourable hour and humour, when the complexion is clear, and the whole man hale and sound. So with autobiographies. Some of the best and the most known are those of Gibbon and Sir Samuel Romilly—both excellent, but both drawn while the sitters were in fancy attitudes. It has been given only to Boswell to catch his subject in the reality and undress of natural features.

But among those who come near to the best models we are disposed to place Mr. Kaye very high. His sketch, in particular, of Lord Metcalfe's early life is admirable—we will even say exquisite. Placed by executors in possession of materials accumulated to a vast extent by the late Lord, he has shown almost perfect judgment in communicating everything important or interesting, and in suppressing everything unimportant and uninteresting. Most wisely, most profoundly, he has lingered over the boyhood and first manhood of young Metcalfe. He says:—

The records of Metcalfe's early life, some may think, have, in these pages, been unduly amplified. But, rightly or wrongly, what I have done, I have done advisedly—systematically. What is for the most part a necessity often comes in time to be accepted as a rule. But I have not been able to persuade myself that because, in a large number of biographical works, three-fourths of the space is assigned to the few closing years of a distinguished career—to the record of circumstances illustrative of a great man's made reputation—that this is necessarily the way in which biography ought to be written. Doubtless, however, it is often the way in which it must be written, or not at all. I am inclined to think that the narrative of the steps by which a man has risen to greatness is neither less interesting, nor less instructive, than an account of his achievements after the ladder of public life has been ascended, and he stands on an eminence of popularity before the world;—in a word, that the History of Promise is not less valuable than the History of Performance. The history of a great man's public performances is often part and parcel of the history of the country which he has served. They belong rather, indeed, to the historian than the bio-

grapher; and though ignorance may misunderstand, or party-spirit may misrepresent them, there is little chance of their being overlooked. Not always is that, which is historically the most important, biographically the most interesting. It is the function of the biographer to supply what is beyond the scope of the historian. When he reaches that stage of his inquiries at which the history of the individual becomes the history of the country, it would seem to be less his duty to expand than to contract the narrative. At all events, it is not his business to confine his efforts mainly to the illustration of those events which would be known to the public without his assistance. If I have erred in devoting too much space to the earlier career of Charles Metcalfe, I have done so at least with design and intention.

This is a good specimen of Mr. Kaye's clear, fluent, frank, and forcible style. He tells his tale like a scholar and a manly English gentleman—concise where he should be concise—circumstantial where circumstance is wanted for elucidation. At times he indulges, perhaps, a little too much for the dignity of history, in that dashing off-hand way of saying and doing things, which men of our day bring with them from the public schools and the universities. The vice of this style is slang; but Mr. Kaye, although constantly verging on it, never quite commits himself to it. It is a style which has been brought up and rendered fashionable by a reasonable impatience of the purism and affectation of the last century. It threatens us, indeed, with affectation of a different kind—the affectation of throwing all our sentiments, whether appropriately or not, into curt, terse, and vigorous epigrams. But this style may fairly be trusted in the hands of master-workmen, such as Mr. Macaulay and Mr. Kaye. But woe unto them who assume the armour, without possessing the sinews, of Achilles.

Charles Theophilus Metcalfe, a second son of Major Thomas Theophilus Metcalfe (of the Bengal army), and his wife Susannah, was born at Calcutta, on the 30th of January 1785, a few days before Warren Hastings ceased to be Governor-General of India. Major Metcalfe, a cadet of good family, after having undergone the usual probation of Indian adventurers, had, at this time, attained to a highly wealthy position, which enabled him, while Charles was still in his cradle, to return home; to buy a house in Portland-place; to become a director of the East India Company; and to represent Abingdon, on Tory principles, in several Parliaments. He was a man of active business habits, and sound constitution—a man to push the fortunes of himself and his family, by legitimate means, to the utmost. His wife, and Charles's mother, was a woman of hardly less energetic character—keen, shrewd, worldly, high-minded, and also strong-minded—a woman to suckle heroes, and sacrifice them resolutely when required for the public good, or for what she conceived to be, their own good. Of five children, the eldest, Theophilus—a fine, spirited, and rather idle scape-grace, full of pluck and generous sentiment—was her favourite. Little recked Theophilus of sentiment or books; he was a good cricketer, pulled a good stroke, rode like a hunter, was fond of all sorts of fun and rollicking, and, as he grew up, evinced considerable aptitude for flirtation. But no harm—no vulgar dissipation is recorded of him; he was like thousands more of splendid fellows of that time and of all time, who would rather laugh with Benedic and Gratiano, than meditate with Hamlet and Jaques. Not such was Charles. His temperament represented the other antithesis:

Seit Genius natale Deus qui temperat astrum.

His troubles, like those of other great men, began in his cradle. The necessary, but detestable institution of nurses, gave him his first sense of human misery. When he was naughty, his frightened him by shutting him up in a dark room and making shocking noises, which were stated to proceed from the Old Man. Long after, when Charles Metcalfe was receiving ambassadors, and negotiating with Mahratta chiefs, he recorded his still unextinguished horror of those recollections; and, doubtless, anatomised the cause with an intensity to which all will say Amen. For Charles was, from the first, a shy, sensitive, and peculiarly impressible child, who, without actually possessing genius, was by no means wanting in imagination. He was reserved and studious, and not very popular with his school-fellows. The showy qualities of his elder brother shone him down in the eyes of more than his own mother; and, as usual, the prodigy was to become an amiable mediocrity, and the slighted mediocrity was to gild the family arms. But when the boys at Bromley-school, about

1795, acted Julius Caesar, the dashing Theophilus, as Mark Antony, drew all attention from the little, plain, and diffident Charles, who acted only Flavius and the Friend to Brutus.

The boy had spirit and determination, and he showed it often. At this time he kept a journal, which gives indications of character that show plenty of the stuff from which gallant soldiers and great statesmen are made. We see also that at this period his studies were of that miscellaneous kind which, however unfavourable to accuracy, is always favourable to the acquisition of general knowledge, and the development of original and comprehensive thought. Charles was already thinking for himself on a multitude of subjects. It is not every clever schoolboy of fifteen who would be writing voluntary criticisms on Homer. Still less is it one of that age who would be tracing the history of the Man in the Iron Mask from Voltaire to Gibbon; and weighing conflicting evidence of the authenticity of the Rowley poems. Yet these were Charles Metcalfe's pursuits at the above age, when he was summoned from Eton to town, and informed by his father that in a few months he was to be on his voyage to Calcutta. There were to be no more Latin lyrics—no more voluntary English Elegies on Solitude. For Charles had tried his hand at versification in his mother tongue; but there is no reason to suppose that England lost a poet in gaining a Governor-General for three of her great colonies. We know nothing of the elegy on Solitude; it has shared the fate of nipped and undeveloped buds. But, if we may judge of its character from a number of unfortunate quatrains, written after a diluted fashion of its great prototype in the Country Churchyard, and inserted by Mr. Kaye in an appendix; we may safely affirm that in Lord Metcalfe there were no germs of a mute inglorious Milton. We know of nothing better as sense, sounder as morality, or viler as poetry, than this specimen. When Lord Metcalfe was high in diplomatic life in India, an indiscreet friend took a fancy to the wife of a mutual neighbour. The lines in question were written as a warning and an exhortation against the sinfulness and folly of such a taste. A picture is also drawn of the fate of one of the partners in the contemplated iniquity, which, by those who have a similar description from Goldsmith, or the immortal "Bridge of Sighs" in their memory, will be thought worse than a failure.

Metcalfe, indeed, never was, and never could have been, a poet. But we are by no means certain that he might not have proved a very acute metaphysician. His mind was of that subjective calibre which, without the ability of diving profoundly, could yet penetrate far beneath the surface of itself and of external things. He kept a commonplace-book, even at Eton, in which he noted down his own independent notions of philosophy. Many of his observations show great acumen; occasionally even originality. At a time when, apparently, he knew nothing of Locke, he seems to have struck out for himself many of Locke's views. Frequently he reminds us of Sir William Temple, or Shaftesbury, and other ingenious, but still second-rate, followers of Montaigne. Indeed, many, perhaps most, of the great men of the last few generations, appear to have formed their minds on principles very similar to those by which Lord Metcalfe formed his mind. The discipline to which they have bent themselves has been arduous, painful, laborious in the extreme. Johnson, Gibbon, Burke, Romilly, Horner, Metcalfe, Byron, and many more, have all, more or less, developed in themselves a similar and peculiar system of self-education, which, setting established rules at defiance, has in each case produced the most signal results. One prominent feature of this system has been a habit of discursive reading and independent reflection and commentary, which has nothing analogous to it in any school or college discipline. They have acted up to Lord Bacon's formula, and have read, not to take for granted, but to weigh and consider. Learned doctors think this course very presumptuous in young men, and do their best to discourage it. But it is because some young men have disregarded such authority, that we are able to show lists of such names as we have just mentioned.

Thus Charles Metcalfe, though he loved his classics like a true Etonian, soared, even at college, far above and far around their scope. Had he been suffered to follow his natural bent, he might have become an Arnold or a Dugald Stewart. He was a very hard-working and very

clever young fellow; and what may not such an one become or be made at the plastic age of fifteen? Ever afterwards, like all promising youths whose education has been checked early, he used to regret that he was plunged so early into real life. We think that it was quite as well as it was; and that he was much better employed in negotiating at nineteen with Indian chiefs than in construing Pindar at Oxford.

Exactly as the last century went out it struck Major Metcalfe that it was time to provide for his boys. He was an Indian Director; and that fact naturally sealed their destiny. Without consulting his sons, but with the advice and sanction, we presume, of strong-minded Mrs. Metcalfe, he settled that the elder's portion should be a China writership—"in those days," says Mr. Kaye, "the best bit of preferment in the world." Charles was simultaneously to be shipped off for Calcutta, endowed with an India writership. "To Theophilus (again we quote Mr. Kaye) this was a heavy blow; he had been 'dissipating,' as he called it, in Scotland and Wales. He was already tasting the sweets of independent life in England—making friends, falling in love, acting at masquerades, drinking his bottle of wine, and exhibiting other symptoms of premature manhood. The thought of being cut short in this career of glory was grievous in the extreme." He thought it possible to get Charles to take the China writership, while he himself remained in England. The brothers were on excellent terms; but Charles could not see his own advantage in the proposed arrangement; and the father was determined to carry out the original plan. But some months of reprieve were allowed; and, during that time, among other episodes of leisure, Charles managed to pass through the perilous probation of first love. There seems to have been a certain Miss D—to whom he was introduced at a Ball on the night of April 2, 1800. Charles, we will answer for it, never forgot that date. He entered the fact in his journal; and to the boy it was probably more important than his first Governor-Generalship was to the man. The page following the entry was found by Mr. Kaye to have been significantly cut out. But there follow many notices, to the effect that he "danced" with her a few nights after; then "called on" her; then "passed the evening at Lady D's, and supped there—a most delightful party;" then "called on Miss D—, and sate an hour with her;" and so on—the old, old story. Of course, his affection was "pure and disinterested," and altogether sublime. She seems to have been a very charming girl; and, although nothing came of the affair, it contributed to increase the poor boy's agony on leaving England: the recollection haunted him on his voyage and long afterwards.

But, while Charles was making distant and respectful love, Theophilus was already on his outward voyage; not, however, without having first written from Torbay to Charles, to "give him a bit of advice about his love affair, as one who had experience in such matters." He recommended him to act with caution and diffidence; but poor Charles had diffidence quite enough. He was "plain;" and three years afterwards noted his opinion in his journal that, "with the female sex the beauty of a man is everything;" and his belief that "there are very few indeed who consider worth as essential in a lover, and as few would regard it in the choice of a husband did not selfishness lead them to do so." Poor Charles had been reading Rochefoucauld not long before; but we fear that Miss D— must have been the responsible cause of part of this misogyny. Yet we know not whether she discouraged or looked favourably on him—whether she saw and appreciated that noble, manly, loving heart which was throbbing with the timid admiration of the "plain" schoolboy. Charles, at least, felt an awkward wrench of the inmost soul when he parted from her. They corresponded for a time; but Lord Metcalfe destroyed Miss D—'s friendship or love letters to Charles Metcalfe. So ended the romance of his life.

But

*Dreams of love and ladies' charms
Give place to honour and to arms.*

So wrote Waverley about the time when Sir Everard caught him before the mirror in his first regimentals; and, although Charles had no first regimentals at present with which to console himself, he went from England resolved to "hold out." He did "hold out," at that time and ever afterwards. He resolved to "hold out" even against sea-sickness, and very nearly succeeded. On this fact alone there is ground for the affirma-

tion that he had the requisite stuff in him to enable him to "hold out" against everything—even against blighted first love. Still there were relapses. He studied Hindostanee on the voyage, and read Raynal's "East Indies," and the "Memoirs of Abdul Kurreem;" but then—alarming symptom—he also "wrote poetry to Miss D—." At St. Helena he had mended sufficiently to dine with the Governor, enjoy the scenery, accompany some ladies on a visit, and, most favourable sign of convalescence, actually to go to a ball, "where all the beauty and fashion of St. Helena were assembled." And so time wore on, and the voyage with it. Lost friends, lost parents, and a lost mistress, became, from agonising thoughts, only mournful and tender recollections. Charles was a sensitive and affectionate youth, but very far from being a sickly sentimentalist. He loved his parents and his brother, and one or two college friends, and probably also Miss D—, with the fervid sincerity of fifteen. But neither love filial, fraternal, amicable, or Love *par excellence*, formed the complement of his being. He was ambitious: he would have liked better to have combined his ambition with his affections, by cultivating both in England; but when the issues were once fairly severed, he threw himself heartily into the expansion and extension of the moiety left him of his being. On the night of the 3rd of January 1801, the ship arrived off the mouth of the Hooghly; and the boy's last languor and listlessness left him at that hour. He "put himself into a rowing boat," and made his way towards Calcutta as rapidly as "the stupidity of the fellows" permitted. Darkness and thick clouds hung "over the ghauts or landing-places of the great city" as he sprang eagerly on shore, and, knowing nothing of his whereabouts, began from that moment an active and successful life as an Indian adventurer.

Doubtless, from the very first, he had rare advantages. He had the one almost indispensable condition of success in life—a good start. His father had left a high reputation and numerous friends in India. He was one of that awful body who, as far as India was concerned, could at their pleasure, like the Horatian Fortune, raise insignificance from the dust to a throne; or dash the haughty occupant of a throne to the dust. Leadenhall-street is still great; but it was then supreme. All to whom young Metcalfe presented his credentials saw in his father's son a representative of one who, already a mighty master, might soon be a far mightier lord of their destinies. The Civil Service—high and low—from the Governor-General down to the lowest official—did implied homage, and paid flattering attention to the son of a Director *in esse* and a Chairman *in posse*. So the cards for dinners and balls showered in on Charles in bewildering multitudes; no better sign that, as Sir Giles says, "his fortune was in a fair way to swell him." The young writer became at once something much better than a lion; he became a man worth cultivating; a man of doosid good connections, that may do one a valuable turn some day. Thus reasoned, most probably, the majority of those at and about Government House, when they sought out the young Metcalfe; and he (while the image of Miss D— was still supposed by him to be ineffaceable) showed no backwardness in meeting their advances. For a time there seemed a likelihood of his taking, after all, to the easy rose-plucking and primrose path of Theophilus. He dined and he danced; but it does not appear that he flirted.

But this phase was transitory, and developed soon into something better. It did not satisfy his inner life; and his outer life sought to grapple with tougher material. At this time Lord Wellesley—the great Marquis—was Governor-General of India. Never had Governor-General been more deservedly popular. They spoke of him everywhere as "the glorious little man;" and from morning to night "the glorious little man" was doing something to earn his epithet. A pet plan of his was the formation of a college for instructing young civilians in Hindostanee and Persian. He wished to rear systematically thenceforward a competent race of Indian administrators. He well thought that he should be doing the state some service by planting and watering on such a foundation. The scheme ultimately failed, but through no short-sight nor short-coming of the projector. Fort William became the college; and Charles Metcalfe's name was the first ever entered on its books.

There he studied the native languages for a year, acquiring at the same time a gradual knowledge of official routine and diplomacy at

Government-house. He worked methodically, and was soon respectably distinguished. Lord Wellesley, from being civil and kind, became complimentary. And so Metcalfe worked on—patiently—earnestly—successfully. But gloom would overtake him at times; and the bitterness and weariness of home-sickness, and the ineradicable nostalgia, would eat into his soul. His habits were sedentary, and so favourable to melancholy. He did not ride, and cared not for field sports. He suffered from the climate, and drooped from a rooted sorrow in the memory. Perilous stuff still weighed upon his bosom.

He had besought his father to get him an appointment in a public office at home. He thought of the old house in Portland-place; and still more, perhaps, his fancy harped on Miss D—; but before the reply came, his first appointment, as Assistant Resident to the Court of Dowlut Rao Scindiah had dissipated much of his "blues." His father, as might be expected, wrote him a sensible and manly refusal of his request. That strong-minded lady his mother sent him a box of pills; told him that he was "bilious;" and that, "if he examines his heart he will find it is Miss D—." Charles by this time had recovered sufficiently to take the maternal view, if not the remedy. From that time he seems to have yielded to, but never to have loved, his fate; and there is a letter from him to an aunt, after he had been twelve years in India, and was far on the high-road to a splendid fortune, in which he applauds her abandonment of a design to send a son to follow his career, in a land where he had found himself exiled from everything and everybody for whose sake alone he considered life worth having.

But action now purged his melancholy; and an exalted sense of duty, that never flagged from this hour to his last breath, began to nerve and animate, and bear him on irresistibly through a life of incessant usefulness. Already he was learning the great secret of worldly happiness—the art of living for others, and disregarding self. Charles was ambitious; but the jewels were never mineralised, nor the honours ever conceived, that could have induced him ever to derogate one iota from his own high standard of independence and self-respect. That lofty sentiment of honour, in which English gentlemen have never been wanting, was in him a principle and a passion. Throughout forty-six years of an eminent diplomatic career, neither Charles Metcalfe nor his friends ever had to blush for any one unworthy act committed by him. He was ambitious, but ambitious only of ranking among the foremost of those who are most extensively useful in their generation—

Quilque sai memores alios fecere merendo.

He retained his first appointment only a short time. Colonel Collins, his superior, was a man of dogmatic temper; Charles had an argumentative disposition. The result was collision and separation. The old man thought the young man presumptuous and refractory; the young man thought the old man imperious and unreasonable. So Charles returned yet for a while to the Governor-General's office.

Thus Charles thrived; and his family in England was also thriving. Early in 1803 Major Metcalfe was at a royal levee at St. James's, and returned from it Sir Theophilus Metcalfe, Bart. Charles was also looking forward; and at this time had just formed the resolution not to leave India until he should be Governor-General.

Great commotion there was also about this period at Government-house. The Mahrattas were on the eve of an outbreak. Lord Lake and Sir Arthur Wellesley had their eyes on them. Boys ever side with the war party; and the young writers were as valiant in their notions as the latest cadets. At length the news came that the English envoy, Colonel Collins, had quitted Scindiah's court, and that the rupture was complete. We give one of Mr. Kaye's finest passages—

THE EVENING BEFORE AN INDIAN WAR.

It was, indeed, a memorable day. There are men still living who, after the lapse of half a century, remember all the circumstances of that evening as vividly as though they had occurred in the present reign. For some days, the "glorious little man," as his disciples affectionately called Lord Wellesley, had been pacing one of the halls of Government-house, girding himself up for the approaching crisis; and now he was prepared to meet it. Aided by Edmonstone, the political secretary, whose knowledge was as ready as it was extensive, he now dictated instructions to Colonel Collins, now to General Lake, now

to Arthur Wellesley, now to John Malcolm, and now to Close and Kirkpatrick, the residents at the Courts of the Peishwah and the Nizam. All day long these weighty despatches grew beneath the hands of the young scribes. The brief twilight of the Indian evening passed and left the work only half done. But still by the bright lamp-light the young writers resolutely plied their pens, as hour after hour the Governor-General continued to dictate the despatches, upon which the fate of principalities depended. Words of encouragement, little needed, came freely from him, as he directed this great work. And still, as Adam, Bayley, Jenkins, Metcalfe, Cole, Monckton, and others wrote and wrote these weighty despatches, upon which the events of the great war were to turn, he told them ever and anon that their work would soon be done, and that there was a table spread for them in the banquet-room, at which they might presently drink success to the campaign. Though it was now the exhausting month of August, and rest and food were denied to them throughout many long hours, there was not one of them who flagged at his desk. Sustained by their youthful enthusiasm, they continued at their work till past midnight; then weary, hungry, and athirst, they were conducted to the table which had been spread sumptuously for their entertainment. It was a festival not soon to be forgotten. A special message from Lord Wellesley instructed them to give full vent to their hilarity—to use his cellar as though it were their own, and not to think that they were bound to be quiet because they were in Government-house. So they drank success to the campaign in good earnest; toasted the glorious Wellesley and his glorious brother; toasted General Lake and Colonel Stevenson; toasted the British soldier and Jack Sepoy; and finally toasted one another. And the Governor-General did not complain that next day his "office" was not very efficient.

We can touch only in the most cursory manner on the politics of India during Charles Metcalfe's career; but that career would be unintelligible in its chief merits without some allusion to them. We must be concise. We will try not to be obscure.

At this time Central India was the country of the Mahrattas, a lawless and ferocious race, that held the vast tracts between the Deccan and the western coast. A royal puppet—the Rajah of Sattarah—claimed their allegiance; but the sceptre had long passed into the hands of a Peishwah, or First Minister. Two powerful and rival chieftains, Scindiah and Holkar, were his nominal viceroys and actual sovereigns. The former was supreme with the Peishwah, and his influence hostile to the Company; whose possessions had now extended inland from the coast to the confines of the Mahrattas.

As the Rajah was a tool in the hands of the Peishwah, so the Peishwah was a tool in the hands of Scindiah. But both had recently fled before Holkar into the territory of the Company, and sought its aid. Sir Arthur Wellesley had executed the commission to restore the fugitives; and Holkar, in his turn, fled before the great English captain. It was then proposed to station a subsidiary British force in the Mahratta territory. This proposition afforded the first exhibition of young Metcalfe's talents. He had returned only recently from Colonel Collins, and had acquired considerable knowledge of the topography and state of the Mahrattas. He communicated it in a memorandum to the Governor-General, and was complimented highly by him on its value.

War followed that memorable evening at Government-house. Scindiah was already in arms, when Lake and Wellesley were marching towards him. Then great battles were fought, and great English victories gained. Assaye, Argaum, Gawilghur, Alighur, and—"crowning mercy" of all—Laswarrie delivered Scindiah into our hands. Delhi was entered; the unfortunate Rajah—"the Great Mogul"—transferred from a native to a foreign master; and large territorial concessions to the Company attested the triumph, and perhaps the iniquity, of European intervention.

But a third war followed. Scindiah and Holkar forgot their feuds, and combined their power against the pillaging stranger. Some successes attended their first operations; but Lake was on the look-out for them, when Charles Metcalfe, now in his twentieth year, was sent by Lord Wellesley to the camp, with a vague but most honourable commission, to assist the Commander-in-Chief in negotiating with the native chiefs, in corresponding with the district civilians, and generally in every species of diplomatic business.

After being robbed and nearly murdered on the road, he arrived at the camp. There he found his position hardly a pleasant one. "There

has always (says Mr. Kaye) been a certain jealousy of political officers in a military camp, even when those 'politicals' have been soldiers. Their presence is regarded as a tacit reflection on the short-comings of the General and his staff." Young Metcalfe found out this very soon: he was received politely, but coldly; and there appears to have been sneering side-allusions to "civilians," who shared the pleasures without the dangers of campaigning.

But Metcalfe—wisely or foolishly—soon satisfied his military critics that valour is not a thing of dress, nor even of discipline; and that gallant deeds can be done quite as well in a black coat as in a red jacket. Fort Deeg was to be stormed, and a forlorn hope selected. Metcalfe volunteered to join it; and was one of the first in the breach. The Commander-in-Chief stated the fact, and praised the young man's gallantry in his dispatches. This was Metcalfe's first and last military exploit. When they heard of it in England, some applauded and some blamed him. But his shrewd mother, while she inclined to reprimand, "and hoped it would not happen again," added that "she had no doubt he had had some very good reason for going out of his line:" and, doubtless, only they who saw the shrugs and supercilious smiles, and elevated eyebrows, and heard the intangible innuendoes—for open insolence we may be sure Metcalfe would have paid in proper coin—only they who knew all this, and the pardonable vanity of military men, who think that none but themselves can stand fire; could pass a right judgment on Metcalfe's conduct at this epoch. But more than thirty years afterwards, after the health of the Governor-General, Sir Charles Metcalfe, had been drunk with cheers and enthusiasm at Calcutta at a farewell banquet, given to him on the eve of his departure for England—when Deeg and its connection with the career of the successful diplomatist were nearly forgotten:—Captain Taylor rose and proposed a toast to the "Soldier of Deeg." Full on the memory of many present flashed the great recollection; swiftly was the story spread among those who heard it now for the first time; and then arose such a shout of congratulation, exultation, and boundless delight—a shout so far exceeding the sincere, and yet comparatively formal reception of the previous toast—that the equanimity of the amiable and illustrious guest was sorely shaken, and broken words of tremulous emotion attested the depth and fervour of his feelings.

Here we must pause. Charles Metcalfe's career is only just begun; but his noviciate is passed. Henceforward his life belongs principally to his country's colonial history. There are yet passages, however, which exhibit the man, as well as the statesman; and, although in our next article we shall dwell chiefly on the latter, we shall not willingly omit the former. In his life, as in every public life, "the individual withers, and the world is more and more." But in few lives has the esoteric self been preserved more completely from extinction; in none has the even tenor and consistency of the way in which an amiable, sensible, upright, and exalted mind may work in the most enlarged sphere of utility with distinguished success, and yet keep itself unspotted from the world, been more signally illustrated. Once more we recommend the history of his life, as a history to be read and pondered and imitated by all. For ourselves, we reserve the pleasure of another article on it.

(To be continued.)

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

The Baltic, the Black Sea, and the Crimea. By CHARLES HENRY SCOTT. London.

Life and Landscapes from Egypt to the Negro Kingdoms of the White Nile, being a Journey to Central Africa. By BAYARD TAYLOR, Author of "Views Afoot," &c. London: S. Low and Co.

It was in the year 1850 that Mr. Scott paid a visit to St. Petersburg, Moscow, and Novgorod. Thence he descended the Volga to Astrachan, and passed through the Crimea to the Caspian Sea. He took notes of his tour, but did not contemplate publication until recent events had given a new interest to the countries he had thus explored; and, rightly conceiving that he could supply some information which would instruct the public, he revised his notes, introduced some comments suggested by the circumstances of the day, sent them to the press, and here they are, in a volume whose appearance is most timely,

and which will receive a hearty welcome from the world, eager to learn, from the report of an eyewitness, what is the actual condition of a country that is defying the opinion and the united forces of western Europe.

Mr. Scott confirms the popular belief as to the characteristics of Russian despotism; he also thinks that its power is not so formidable in fact as in appearance. The Empire is a rope of sand, which will not endure long-continued external or internal troubles. But we suspect that Mr. Scott, like most of his predecessors, does not sufficiently take into account the wonderful influences of a common religion, especially of a religion which more than any other encourages priestcraft. The Church is the link that unites Russia, and draws to her, by a sympathy which may be restrained, but will never be destroyed, the outlying provinces of Turkey, which can scarcely be expected to acquiesce with good will in the domination of a race inferior in number and aliens in religion. But we are speculating when we should be permitting Mr. Scott to state what he has seen and heard; so, without further preface, we let him speak for himself. Take first his description of

SEVASTOPOL.

The port of Sevastopol consists of a bay running in a south-easterly direction, about four miles long, and a mile wide at the entrance, diminishing to four hundred yards at the end, where the "Tchernia Retchka," or Black River, empties itself. The average depth is about eight fathoms, the bottom being composed of mud in the centre, and gravel at the sides. On the southern coast of this bay are the commercial, military, and careening harbours; the quarantine harbour being outside the entrance: all these taking a southerly direction and having deep water. The military harbour is the largest, being about a mile and a half long, by four hundred yards wide, and is completely land-locked on every side. Here it is that the Black Sea fleet is moored in the winter; the largest ships being able to lie, with all their stores on board, close to the quays. The small harbour, which contains the naval arsenal and docks, is on the eastern side of the military harbour, near the entrance. The port is defended to the south by six principal batteries and fortresses, each mounting from fifty to a hundred and ninety guns; and the north by four, having from eighteen to a hundred and twenty pieces each; and besides these are many smaller batteries. The fortresses are built on the casemate principle, three of them having three tiers of guns, and a fourth two tiers. Fort St. Nicholas is the largest, and mounts about a hundred and ninety guns: on carefully counting them, we made a hundred and eighty-six. By great interest we obtained permission to enter this fortress. It is built of white limestone: a fine sound stone, which becomes hard and is very durable, the same material being used for all the other forts. Between every two casemates are furnaces for heating shot red hot: we measured the calibre of the guns, and found it to be eight inches, capable of throwing shells or sixty-eight pound solid shot. Whether all the guns in the fortress were of the same size, it is impossible to say; but my belief is that most of the fortifications of Sevastopol are heavily armed. We entered Fort St. Nicholas through the elegantly-furnished apartments of the military commandant, situated at its south-western end. At the period of our visit there were certainly not more than eight hundred and fifty pieces of artillery defending the port towards the sea, and of these about three hundred and fifty could be concentrated on a ship entering the bay. Other batteries, however, are said to have been since built. We took some trouble to ascertain these facts by counting the guns of the various forts; not always an easy matter, where any suspicion of our object might have subjected us to grave inconveniences. Sevastopol is admirably adapted by nature for a strong position towards the sea; and it will be seen, from what we have stated above, that this has been fully taken advantage of to render it one of the most formidable fortified places in that direction which could be imagined. We are well aware that the casemated fortresses are very badly constructed, and, though having an imposing exterior, that the walls are filled in with rubble. The work was carried on under Russian engineers, whose object was to make as much money as possible out of it. They were, moreover, found to be defective in ventilation, to remedy which some alterations were subsequently made; but, admitting all their defects, they are still strong enough to inflict some amount of injury on an attacking fleet before their guns could be silenced. And when that is accomplished, supposing there are now nine hundred and fifty pieces, there would still remain five hundred guns of large calibre, in strong open batteries, half of them throwing shells and red-hot shot, independent of mortars. This is a force of armament against which no fleets have been tried, not only with regard to the number of guns and weight of metal, but the nature of the projectiles; any single shell fired point blank, and striking between wind and water, being sufficient to sink a ship. If Sevastopol can be so easily taken by the allied fleets alone, and without

land forces, as some people appear to imagine, it would be very satisfactory to know what amount of resistance it is expected that Portsmouth could offer to an enemy, with her seventy or eighty guns, not above five-and-twenty of which are heavier than thirty-two pounders. We do not mean to assert that it is impossible to destroy Sevastopol from the sea alone, but we believe that it could only be accomplished by an unnecessary sacrifice of life and ships with our present means, and that it would be nothing short of madness to attempt it, unless we had a reserve fleet on the spot, sufficiently strong to insure the command of the Black Sea in case of failure. In speaking of the means of defence at Sevastopol, we have left the Russian fleet out of the question. This, however, is not to be treated either with indifference or contempt; for, while we are ready to admit that neither in the strength of the ships, in the quality of the sailors, nor in any other respect, can it be compared for an instant to those of England and France, yet there can be no doubt of the Russian seamen being well trained in gunnery, nor of their being endowed with a kind of passive courage, which would lead them to stick to their work, when not called upon to exercise their seamanship, in which they are very deficient. There were in the military harbour of Sevastopol twelve line-of-battle ships, eight frigates, and seven corvettes; comprising the Black Sea fleet, independent of steamers. We visited, among others, the Twelve Apostles, of a hundred and twenty guns, and the first lieutenant accompanied us over her. She was a remarkably fine-looking ship, in excellent order, and very neat in her fittings. One thing which instantly struck us, was the absence of hammock-hooks; but we learned that beds were luxuries which the Russian sailors never dream of, the decks forming their only resting-places. The town of Sevastopol is situated on the point of land between the commercial and military harbours, which rises gradually from the water's edge to an elevation of two hundred feet. It is more than a mile in length; and its greatest width is about three quarters of a mile, the streets entering the open steppe on the south. It was partly defended on the west, towards the land, by a loopholed wall, which had been pronounced by one of the first engineers of Russia as perfectly useless; and plans for completely fortifying the place in that direction were said to have been made; but whether the work has since been carried out we know not, though we have a deep conviction that strong defences will be found to exist there by the time a besieging army arrives. These, however, being hurriedly raised, can neither be of sufficient magnitude nor strength to offer a serious resistance to a long continued fire of heavy artillery; and unless these fortifications are on a most extensive scale, and embrace a very wide circuit, they may be commanded from so many points, that, attacked with heavy guns of long range, their speedy reduction becomes a matter of certainty. None of the sea batteries or forts are of the slightest service for defence on the land side. Indeed, the great fort, "St. Nicholas," has not a gun pointed in that direction; and such an armament would be perfectly useless if it existed, as that part of the hill on which the town stands rises behind it to a height of two hundred feet. In fact, all the fortresses and batteries, both to the north and south of the great bay, are commanded by higher ground in the rear.

This is the town that will be ever famous as the scene of the landing of the Expedition.

EUPATORIA.

We touched at Eupatoria, a small town to the north of Sevastopol, where we remained five hours; but for what purpose it was impossible to guess, all the business of the ship appearing to have been accomplished in half an hour. However, we soothed our impatience to be moving onwards, and went on shore to beguile the time as well as we could. The town has nothing remarkable about it. The inhabitants are composed of Karaites, and Tartars; the former carrying on a successful trade. We visited the synagogue, one of the best possessed by this sect in Russia; and found it like that of Tchoufouf Kalé, remarkably clean, and in other respects worthy of inspection. Here much wheat from the steppe of the Taurida is shipped, and salt from the saline lakes which abound on the coast.

Here is

ASTRACHAN.

Astrachan, the last town upon the mighty Volga before it loses itself in the Caspian Sea, is situated upon a sandy island. It is now merely the capital of a province of the same name, though once that of a Tartar kingdom, and some old walls and towers of its proud period still exist. Within the Kremlin stand the two principal churches, viz., those of the "Assumption" and "St. Trinity," together with large barracks, military hospitals, and other buildings. In the town are many other churches, and amongst them a fine Armenian one, together with some mosques, the governor's palace, a theatre, and a hospital for the poor, built by a Russian of enormous wealth, who, in a time of scarcity, had bought up all the corn and resold it at an exorbitant profit; for this act he was banished from the town; but his wealth enabled him to get removed to Volak, which most people would regard as a change for the better. This hospital was raised as a little expiation for the sin, and a slight

acknowledgment to that class of people of whom he had starved so many to death. The streets of Astrakhan have no pavement of any kind, being composed of deep sand, which, when there is any wind, and that is very often, rises in one dense blinding cloud of dust. Most of the houses have shops, all of which have a dilapidated appearance from the falling of numerous patches of stucco. The population is between forty and fifty thousand; and, being composed of Russians, Armenians, Greeks, Kalmucs, and divers other Eastern races, presented a more Oriental appearance than in any other town of Russia we had hitherto visited. All these people, excepting the military and officials, are engaged in trade, and on our arrival expressed some curiosity to know what line of business we were in. André found it quite useless to assure his questioners that our only object was to see the place; for the fact of his denying that we had anything to do with commercial affairs, drove them to the conclusion that we had come upon a secret speculation to buy up some particular commodity or production. The costumes of the inhabitants were as varied as the races, and these gave character and life to the place: otherwise, with its green-domed churches and tall belfries, it was much like an indifferent Russian town.

Now for a home scene.

A COSSACK HOUSE.

Early on the morning of the 1st Sept. we landed at the village of Vetlianka, inhabited by Don Cossacks, situate on the right bank, which here becomes rather higher. While in search of provisions we entered the house of a Cossack soldier; the man was not at home, but his good wife was baking bread, of which we purchased a loaf just drawn from the oven. Whether André's olfactory nerves were more sensitive than ours, we know not, but certain it is, that immediately after we had quitted the house, he made his appearance with a large piece of mutton pasty, which he was dexterously throwing from one hand to another, thereby indicating that it was rather too hot to be pleasant. This process caused a rich odour to fill the air, and led us to return, and endeavour to purchase the remainder of the savoury dish, which promised so good a breakfast. The Cossack's better half was, however, unwilling to part with the meal prepared for her husband; but a handsome premium upon the value, and a present of a dozen useless empty bottles, was a temptation too great to be resisted. The house of these decent people was a true oasis in the great desert of Russian dirtiness; everything was scrupulously clean—the seats, the table, the floor, were white, from scrubbing; and even the beams above had undergone the same process. It is said that occasionally a child born, and brought up in the midst of vice, yet becomes conspicuous for exalted virtue; so this Cossack woman stood forth a bright example of cleanliness in the midst of the universal filthiness which surrounded her. In the neat little room where we had been received, hung the cap, sword, and musket of the husband, and by their side a nice guitar, showing that refinement of taste accompanied the virtue said to be so near akin to goldness.

VIEWS ON THE VOLGA.

The views of the Volga are ever changing, ever charming. None of its scenery mounts to the sublime; but most of it is beautiful, with a great deal of the picturesque. As religion exercises so powerful an influence over the social habits of the people, even placing its stamp upon their manners—as it is the chain wherewith an empire is held in the bonds of slavery, and the weapon aimed at the independence of surrounding nations—so does the church become a prominent feature in the physical appearance of the country. All that is picturesque on the Volga is derived from the form, the colouring, and position of the churches. The villages built of wood, many of them admirably placed, would nevertheless be totally devoid of effect, from their sombre and monotonous colour, producing none of that play of light and shade necessary to produce striking contrast; but the church with its domes, generally green, supplies all that is wanted, gives life to the sober shade of the surrounding houses, and character to the whole. For this reason a traveller, describing a hundred different views on the river, including the surrounding country, can scarcely avoid introducing into each the domes and cupolas of the churches. It is this boldness of the Russian church which cannot fail to strike the passing stranger, for it is pushed forward politically, socially, and physically. It meets him at every turn: if he go into a town and shut his eyes, still there is the tolling of a great unmusical bell; opening them, he stands before the edifice itself; get to any part of the country, and the well-known domes are there; enter the peasant's cottage, the familiar picture of a saint stares him in the face; seek the inner room, and then another is ready to receive him. All this is policy: the Church is the great engine by which the State is moved, and the object is to keep it ever prominently and conspicuously before an ignorant people.

Mr. Taylor has sobered down since his first appearance as an author-tourist. He was then very flighty, attempted the poetical, talked big, rhapsodised upon trifles, and affected carelessness. He now writes like a sensible man; and, preserving the best of his former inspirations, which

gave spirit to his style and prevented his being dull, he has published one of the most agreeable narratives we have read for a long time, and which can scarcely fail to be as popular here, when it comes to be known, as we understand that it is on the other side of the Atlantic, whence it has been sent to us. Mr. Taylor's tour extended into the interior of Africa, through a country not unexplored, certainly; but which has not before been visited by a professed author, with a view to making a book. Hence there is novelty in every page; for it was Mr. Taylor's purpose to seize the most remarkable aspects of things, and transfer them to paper; and he amuses us with his impressions where his predecessors have only sought to instruct us by plain facts and figures. And he has not limited his pictures to pen and ink; he has also given us some clever drawings, which bring the places described palpably before us, and add much to the interest of his story. We shall gather from those portions of it which relate to places and scenes that will have the most novelty for our readers. This was the

SCENERY OF THE WHITE NILE.

With every hour of our progress the vegetation grew more rank and luxuriant. On the eastern bank the gum gave place to the flowering mimosa, which rose in a dense rampart from the water's edge, and filled the air with the fragrance of its blossoms. Myriads of wild geese, ducks, cranes, storks, herons, and ibises sat on the narrow beaches of sand, or circled in the air with hoarse clang and croaking. Among them I saw more than one specimen of that rare and curious water-bird, whose large horny bill curves upward instead of downward, so that it appears to have been put on the wrong way. As he eats nothing but small fish, which he swallows with his head under water, this is not such a great inconvenience as one would suppose. The bars which occasionally made out into the current served as a resting-place for crocodiles, which now began to appear in companies of ten or fifteen; and the forests were filled with legions of apes, which leaped chattering down from the branches to look at us. A whole family of them sat on the bank for some time watching us, and when we frightened them away by our shouts, it was amusing to see a mother pick up her infant ape and scamper off with it under her arm. The wild fowl were astonishingly tame, and many of them so fat that they seemed scarcely able to fly. Here and there, along the shore, large broods of the young were making their first essays in swimming. The boatmen took great delight in menacing the old birds with pieces of wood, in order to make them dive under water. There were some superb white cranes, with a rosy tinge along the edges of their wings, and I saw two more of the crested king-herons. After passing the island of Tscheshi, the river, which still retains its great breadth, is bordered by a swampy growth of reeds. It is filled with numerous low islands, covered with trees, mostly dead, and with waste white branches which have drifted down during the inundation. In the forests along the shore many trees had also been killed by the high water of the previous summer. There are no habitations on this part of the river, but all is wild and lonely and magnificent. I had seen no sail since leaving Khartoum; and as the sun that evening threw his last red rays on the mighty flood, I felt for the first time that I was alone, far in the savage heart of Africa. We dashed along at a most exciting rate of speed, brushing the reeds of the low islands, or dipping into the gloom of the shadows thrown by the unpruned forests. The innumerable swarms of wild birds filled the air with their noise, as they flew to their coverts, or ranged themselves in compact files on the sand. Above all their din I heard at intervals, from the unseen thickets inland, the prolonged snarling roar of some wild beast. It was too deep-toned and powerful for a leopard, and we all decided that it was a lion. As I was watching the snowy cranes and silvery herons that alighted on the boughs within pistol-shot, my men pointed out a huge hippopotamus, standing in the reeds, but a short distance from the vessel. He was between five and six feet high, but his head, body, and legs were of enormous bulk. He looked at us, opened his great jaws, gave his swine-like head a toss in the air, and plunged hastily into the water. At the same instant an immense crocodile (perhaps twenty feet in length) left his basking-place on the sand and took refuge in the river. Soon afterwards two hippopotami rose in the centre of the stream, and, after snorting the water from their nostrils, entertained us with a peculiar grunting sound, like the lowest rumbling note of a double-bass. The concert was continued by others, and resumed from time to time through the night. This was central Africa as I had dreamed it—a grand though savage picture, full of life and heat, and with a barbaric splendour even in the forms of Nature.

At one of the African villages, where they went ashore to rest, they were welcomed by

A DANCE OF SALUTATION.

In a short time I received word that the women of the village would come to perform a dance of welcome

and salutation, if I would allow them. As the wind was blowing strongly against us, and the sailors had not finished skinning the sheep, I had my carpet spread on the sand in the shade of a group of mimosas, and awaited their arrival. Presently we heard a sound of shrill singing and the clapping of hands in measured beat, and discerned the procession advancing slowly through the trees. They came two by two, nearly thirty in all, singing a shrill, piercing chorus, which sounded more like lamentation than greeting. When they had arrived in front of me, they ranged themselves into a semicircle with their faces towards me, and, still clapping their hands to mark the rhythm of the song, she who stood in the centre stepped forth, with her breast heaved almost to a level with her face, which was thrown back, and advanced with a slow, undulating motion, till she had reached the edge of my carpet. Then, with a quick jerk, she reversed the curve of her body, throwing her head forward and downward, so that the multitude of her long twists of black hair, shining with butter, brushed my cap. This was intended as a salutation and sign of welcome. I bowed my head at the same time, and she went back to her place in the ranks. After a pause the chorus was resumed and another advanced, and so in succession, till all had saluted me, a ceremony which occupied an hour. They were nearly all young, between the ages of fourteen and twenty, and some were strikingly beautiful. They had the dark-olive Arab complexion, with regular features, teeth of pearly whiteness, and black, brilliant eyes. The coarse cotton robe thrown over one shoulder left free the arms, neck, and breasts, which were exquisitely moulded. Their bare feet and ankles were as slender as those of the Venus of Cleomene. Owing to the skirts worn by the American women, I have no recollection of ever having seen an entire foot belonging to them, and therefore can make no comparison; but I doubt if one in a thousand stands on so light and beautiful a pedestal as those wild African girls. There were two or three old women in the company, but they contented themselves with singing, and did not venture into the lists with the younger ones.

Apropos of a description of his Arab attendant, Mr. Taylor gives his experience of the Arab character generally.

AN ARAB GUIDE.

My guide Mahomed was a Kababish, and the vainest and silliest Arab I ever knew. He wore his hair in long braids, extending from the forehead and temples to the nape of the neck, and kept in their places by a layer of mutton fat, half an inch thick, which filled up the intervening spaces. His hollow cheeks, deep-sunken eyes, thin and wiry beard, and the long spear he carried in his hand, made him a fair representative of Don Quixote, and the resemblance was not diminished by the gaunt and ungainly camel on which he jogged along at the head of my caravan. He was very devout, praying for quite an unreasonable length of time before and after meals, and always had a large patch of sand on his forehead, from striking it on the ground as he knelt towards Mecca. Both his arms, above the elbows, were covered with rings of hippopotamus hide, to which were attached square leathern cases, containing sentences of the Koran, as charms to keep away sickness and evil spirits. The other man, Said, was a Shyghbean, willing and good-natured enough, but slow and regardless of truth, as all Arabs are. Indeed, the best definition of an Arab which I can give is, a philosophising sinner. His fatalism gives him a calm and equable temperament under all circumstances, and "God wills it!" or "God is merciful!" is the solace for every misfortune. But this same carelessness to the usual accidents of life extends also to his speech and his dealings with other men. I will not say that an Arab never speaks truth; on the contrary, he always does, if he happens to remember it, and there is no object to be gained by suppressing it; but rather than trouble himself to answer correctly a question which requires some thought, he tells you whatever comes uppermost in his mind, though certain to be detected the next minute. He is like a salesman, who, if he does not happen to have the article you want, offers you something else, rather than let you go away empty-handed. In regard to his dealings, what Sir Gardner Wilkinson says of Egypt, that "nobody parts with money without an effort to defraud," is equally true of Nubia and Soudan. The people do not steal outright; but they have a thousand ways of doing it in an indirect and civilised manner; and they are perfect masters of all those petty arts of fraud which thrive so greenly in the great commercial cities of Christendom. With these slight drawbacks, there is much to like in the Arabs, and they are certainly the most patient, assiduous, and good-humoured people in the world. If they fail in cheating you, they respect you the more; and they are so attentive to you, so ready to take their mood from yours—to laugh when you are cheerful, and be silent when you are grave—so light-hearted in the performance of severe duties, that if you commence your acquaintance by despising, you finish by cordially liking them.

The journey on shore was not so pleasant as the sail upon the river. It traversed a huge desert of sand, which had gradually spread, borne

inland by the wind from the river, destroying all vegetable life in its progress. This is a specimen of

A DAY IN THE DESERT.

After two or three hours we passed out of this region. The desert extended almost to the water's edge, and we had nothing but sand and thorns. The wind by this time was more furious than ever, and the air was so full of sand that we could not see more than a hundred yards on either hand. The sun gave out a white, ghastly light, which increased the dreariness of the day. All trace of the road was obliterated, and we could only travel at random among the thorns, following the course of the Nile, which we were careful to keep in view. My eyes, ears, and nostrils were soon filled with sand, and I was obliged to bind my turban so as nearly to cover my face, leaving only space enough to take a blind view of the way we were going. At breakfast time, after two hours of this martyrdom, I found a clump of thorns so thick as to shut off the wind, but no sooner had I dismounted and crept under its shelter than I experienced a scorching heat from the sun, and was attacked by myriads of the black gnats. I managed to eat something in a mad sort of way, beating my face and ears continually, and was glad to thrust my head again into the sand-storm, which drove off the worse pests. So for hours we pursued our journey. I could not look in the face of the wind, which never once fell. The others suffered equally, and two of the camelmenn lagged so, that we lost sight of them entirely. It was truly a good fortune that I did not take the short road, east of the Nile, from Merawe to New Dongola. In the terrible wastes of the Nubian Desert, we could scarcely have survived such a storm. Nearly all the afternoon we passed over deserted tracts, which were once covered with flourishing fields. The watercourses extend for nearly two miles from the river, and cross the road at intervals of fifty yards. But now the villages are level with the earth, and the sand whistles over the traces of fields and gardens, which it has not yet effaced.

At this point we must reluctantly part company with Mr. Taylor, but recommending him heartily to the notice of our readers.

FICTION.

THE NEW NOVELS.

Mathew Paxton. Edited by the Author of "John Drayton," &c. 3 vols. London: Hurst and Blackett.

The Pride of Life: a Novel. By Lady Scorr, Author of "The Henpecked Husband," &c. 2 vols. London: Routledge.

"EDITED" again. We had hoped that this form of literary quackery had been effectually hissed off the stage. What is the meaning of "editing" a novel? Why is the author's name erased, and the name of his "editor" substituted? Is it not much as if the polisher of a statue were to be announced instead of the sculptor, the framemaker instead of the painter, the advocate's clerk instead of the advocate? If a novel has merit, it needs no editor; if it has none, an editor has no right to palm a bad work upon the public by weight of his own authority. If the transaction is *bonâ fide*, it is a useless coxcombry; if it is a mere sham, it is discreditable. But the proceeding admits of another interpretation, which is often put upon it, and which of itself should warn authors and publishers against the practice. It is said that the editor's name is sometimes purchased, to give currency to a book which otherwise would not make its own way; and that the calculation is that some inconsiderate persons, reading the advertisement hastily, and not noticing or fully comprehending the meaning of the word "edited," might mistake editor for author, and buy in the belief that they were purchasing the work of him or her who stands sponsor, when, in fact, they are buying the inferior production of some stranger.

Fortunately, *Mathew Paxton* does not need the helping arm of "John Drayton." Contrary to custom, the novel thus introduced is more worthy than its patron who introduces it. It is, indeed, a fiction of more than usual ability—fresh and vigorous, teeming with truthful pictures of middle-class life, and chiefly among the Dissenters; and depending for its fame, not upon the attractions of a plot which is of the flimsiest, but upon its faithful portraiture of what he terms "a very primitive phase of life and manners, known to himself by actual experiment." The scene is laid in the wilds of Northumberland forty years since, where the inhabitants retained "in their own persons, and at home, all that prejudiced and exclusive partiality for their own individual town or parish—all that tenacity of attachment to modes and customs out of date, the usages of

their fathers, which gives a primitive and un-advancing aspect to a manly and intelligent race."

Here the minister who writes his biography is born; here he passed his boyhood in the freedom of the hills: thence he went to the University of Glasgow, and after he had taken his degrees there, he proceeded to London to qualify himself for the ministry; having attained to which coveted distinction, he returned to Northumberland, and there passed a useful, and, on the whole, happy life among the peasantry, with few adventures to vary it; with one affair of the heart, which ended in a disappointment. But, as we have already observed, this novel must not be read for its plot, for it has none. The attraction lies in its episodes, and in the little incidents and traits of character, its simple style, and its wonderful power of painting by words, so that persons and places are brought almost palpably before the reader's mind. By force of truth and nature alone, is a more exciting interest awakened in *Mathew Paxton*, than in many of the novels which have a name to bring them into notice, and a wild plot and startling incidents to keep the reader awake. This is the mark of genius; and we trust that in the author of *Mathew Paxton*, whomsoever he may prove to be, whether an *alias* of "John Drayton" or a stranger, we may congratulate the literary world on the accession of one who promises to do it honour. Such being our opinion, it is merely necessary to say that we heartily recommend this novel to all who are weary of the common-place, thousand times repeated, namby-pambyisms that pervade, with insufferable dullness, the great majority of the novels of the season.

The inconveniences of low connections, through a marriage ill-assorted in respect of rank, is the moral of *The Pride of Life*. The hero, Mordaunt Eveleyn, with a true circulating-library name, commits the imprudence of falling in love, and the still greater folly of marrying Laverell Muggidge, the daughter of a vulgar man in "a situation," whom he meets on the Rhine, and to whom he is attracted by her beauty and her skill as an artist. Like all such people in novels, she has a host of relations, poor and vulgar, who throng about the new-made lady, and inflict incessant mortifications upon Eveleyn. This does not soothe a naturally irritable temper; and, being a very proud and selfish man, he chafes under the torture, and vents his spleen upon his wife, who proves to be a model, such as novels only can produce, of goodness and amiability. She endures without complaint, and soothes by mere force of meekness. The end let the reader seek for himself in the book, which can be bought very cheap. The end, however, is not in accordance with the experience of society. Great inequalities in marriage never lead to happiness, even after trials, whatever may be the good qualities of the wedded pair. We are all of us so dependent upon others, that we cannot avoid vexations from without. Society will tyrannise over us, spite of our firmest resolves to live within ourselves. An inconvenient relation, obtruding himself when he is least welcome, is a nuisance, and will be felt as such, spite of our philosophy. Occasions will continually arise when the relative positions of husband and wife before marriage will be forced upon their attention after marriage, to remind one of a condescension and the other of having been raised; and that will disturb more or less the most harmonious unions. Prudent persons will avoid such connections, which, if they do not bring absolute misery, rarely or never contribute to happiness.

Charles Dalloway (Mozley) is a sort of semi-religious fiction, having a moral aim likewise; the story is that of a *Restless Man*, who illustrates the proverb of the "Rolling Stone." But he is infidel as well as restless; and after divers troubles he becomes a steady man and a believer.

POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

Altars, Hearths, and Graves. By JOHN MOULTRIE. London: Hamilton and Adams. Rugby: Crossley and Billington.

Is an age in which imagination, and that of the wildest and most unregulated kind, forms the staple of popular poetry, verses which derive their chief inspiration from the heart, and which possess the additional disqualification (as it is now deemed) of polished and happily chosen diction, melody of rhythm, and that perspicuous simplicity of style without which poetry is but

a chaos of unmeaning jargon, is not likely to be held in very general acceptance. A few old-fashioned readers, however, survive, who are so far in arrear of their time as to consider a modern poet none the worse for being intelligible, and for exhibiting an acquaintance with the best models that have preceded him. He will incur no risk of being condemned by them because he may have been at the pains to acquire some knowledge of the mechanism of his art, and the combination of melody with strength in his versification.

There are few admirers of that order of poetry which has its origin in the best and holiest feelings of our nature, who can fail to be acquainted with many of the touching lyrics of John Moultrie. Known to, and appreciated by, a large circle of readers in their original forms of publication, they have been frequently reprinted in the various collections of poetry which have issued from the press in this country and in America during the last twenty-five years. Thousands of readers, who might never otherwise have fallen in with authorised editions of his writings, have, by these means, had opportunities of becoming acquainted with his genius, and have been tempted to improve their acquaintance with it at the fountain-head. He has thus exercised an influence, of the extent of which he can hardly have been conscious, and has become better known to the public than many poets of much more ambitious pretensions. The avidity with which these "waifs and strays" of his muse have been caught up and reprinted, is no bad criterion of merit; and, if such evidence be admitted, Mr. Moultrie has little reason to be dissatisfied with the amount of popular acceptance he has enjoyed.

More than thirty years have elapsed since some ten or a dozen youths, nearly all of whom have fully realised the favourable anticipations to which their literary *debut* gave rise, banded themselves together for the purpose of establishing a monthly periodical that should be written and edited within the precincts of Eton College; where they were at that time pursuing their studies. Having sent up a "petit Montgolfier" to try the atmosphere in advance of their "Great Nassau," they finally consummated their more ambitious scheme for obtaining literary notoriety, by the publication of the *Etonian*, and "awoke one morning to find themselves famous." So complete was the success of their venture, that, after its discontinuance as a magazine in consequence of the separation of the writers, it ran through several editions as a book, and, even now that its allusions and jokes have lost a portion of the interest which originally attached to them, it will bear an advantageous comparison with later periodical publications emanating from more experienced and pretentious writers. Among its leading spirits and most industrious contributors, were Mackworth Praed (chosen by common consent to be the editor), Thomas Babington Macaulay, John Moultrie, Henry Nelson Coleridge, and Sidney Walker; many of whose most striking lyrics were first published in its pages. When they left Eton, scattered like morning-clouds over the world, some of them were reunited at Cambridge, and afterwards established a quarterly magazine in conjunction with their Eton bookseller and friend Mr. Charles Knight, of which some six numbers only were published. He found, however, the management of his team of young thoroughbred colts a little too much for his hand, and accordingly abandoned the road, after some five or six experiments, and left them to their own devices. Both publications, whilst they lasted, were enriched by many stirring lyrics from the pens of Macaulay (his noble ballad, the "War of the League," for example), Praed, Moultrie, Walker, and Coleridge. The world has heard much from time to time of the instability of school friendships, and we know from experience that literary intimacies are not unfrequently disturbed by slight causes; but such does not appear to have been the case with this brilliant little coterie of Etonians. Three of them are, alas! no more; but the truest offices of friendship have not been overlooked by their survivors. Mr. Moultrie has already edited and published the remains of Sidney Walker, and is at present engaged, aided by his friend Derwent Coleridge, in performing a similar labour of love for Mackworth Praed. As pastor of a large parish (Rugby), however, he has now little leisure for the studies which delighted his youth, and is therefore fain to restrict his contributions to poetical literature to an occasional record of the

gentle and refined feelings of his nature, and of the influence of those domestic affections which have been the Hippocrene of most of his poetry. His first volume, "Poems," was published in 1838, and his "Lays of the English Church, and other Poems," in 1843. There are few readers of modern poetry who will not have met with "My Brother's Grave," "Here's to thee, my Scottish Lassie," "Forget thee, if to dream by night," "In many a strain of grief and joy," &c., in some one or other of the many volumes of selected poetry into which they have been transplanted. After an interval of some eleven years, we are glad to have our attention directed once more to so charming a series of lyrics as are included in the volume before us; for the most part of a class which come to the business and bosoms of us all. There is, indeed, scarcely an endearing incident of domestic life which is not touchingly illustrated in Mr. Moultrie's volume. Of this home-music he has himself said very gracefully that

— Like the fitful breeze which sweeps
In gusts across Eolian strings,
And wakes the soul that in them sleeps
Too deep for Art's solicitings:
From time to time an impulse caught,
I know not whence, I know not how,
Awakes the slumbering soul of thought,
And breathes it into verse, as now.

Now, it is precisely these "gusts," these unpremeditated ebullitions of feeling, that afford us most pleasure; for we cannot help agreeing with Lord Jeffrey, that the most powerful and enchanting poetry is that which depends for its effect upon the just representations of common feelings and common situations, and not on the strangeness of its incidents, or the exotic splendour of the fancies with which it may abound. It is for this reason that the poems which have reference to "Hearths" (and to his own fireside more especially) are among the most attractive contents of Mr. Moultrie's volume. Some of his lyrics, indeed, may be regarded as chapters of poetical autobiography of the most exquisite kind. We can gather from them almost all the incidents it behoves us to know of his history, and that of the "Scottish lassie" of his earlier songs:

One who, albeit her heart may roam
Full oft to Highland flood and fell,
Can cheer a quiet English home,
And charm an English circle well?

Free from the cares which too often besiege the hearts and paralyse the powers of writers of mark in these "evil days," Mr. Moultrie has nothing to disturb the genial flow of those feelings and affections which have found in him so happy an exponent; and we can walk arm in arm with him accordingly, and become as well acquainted with the salient points of his life, as if we had known him intimately during the earlier years of his novitiate. Among our favourite poems of this order, we may instance the "Bridal of Alice Gray," "Farewell to Arran," "The King's Quarters," "Anticipation and Experience," "Much Ado about Little," and "The Three Minstrels." "The Poet's Daughter" is a charming tribute to the memory of Sara Coleridge, one of the most remarkable and accomplished women of her time. She was educated by Southey, and was accustomed for many years to assist him in his multifarious and arduous labours. Her edition of her father's "Biographia Literaria" is a graceful monument, not only of her filial piety, but of her learning and sound taste. The poem is much too long for our pages. We must therefore content ourselves with extracting a few of its stanzas. The poet describes his meeting with her in early youth.

My poet-pencil may not trace,
With touches weak and faint,
The glory of that angel face
Too fair for words to paint;
An emanation she might seem
Of some intense seraphic dream
By bard or prophet saint
Conceived: and such an one I ween
The author of her birth had been.
And fresh from mountain rock and rill,
Broad lake, and heathery glen,
And free discourse with thoughts that fill
The master minds of men,
Among our cloister'd courts she came,
In mind, in person, and in name,
A light to cheer the den
Of murky scientific thought
With rays from God and nature caught.

He thus describes her five years afterwards:—

The full effulgence of her bloom
Was then indeed gone by,
And days of anxious care and gloom
Had dimm'd her cheek and eye;
Yet still my reverent gaze could trace
The perfect outline of her face,
The feeling, deep and high,
The beaming thought, the brow's expanse,
The pure angelic countenance.

Years softly came,—as swiftly fled;
Beneath the church-yard stone
The husband slumber'd with the dead;
The wife lived on alone.
A patient servant of the Cross,
She meekly bore and felt her loss
'Till grief had older grown;
And then to studious toil resign'd
Her energies of heart and mind.
No mine of new or ancient thought
From her witheld its ore;
By Grecian wisdom she was taught,
And skill'd in German lore;
Of every clime, of every age,
Of theologian, saint, and sage,
All depths did she explore;
While o'er all other minds was thrown
The native lustre of her own.

Almost with every various power
Her genius seem'd endowed;
On fancy's wing, from flower to flower,
Now flutter'd light of mood;
Now, to sublime exertion wrought,
In agony of wrestling thought
Its painful way pursued
Through metaphysical mazes dim;
Now track'd the flight of Seraphim.

But most to one absorbing aim
She bent her steadfast will—
To vindicate her father's fame
Through good report and ill;
From stigma cast by slanderous foe,
From open or insidious blow,
Renew'd, repeated still,
To place his mighty memory clear,
Was what on earth she held most dear.

Thus pass'd her period of decline
In pious toil away;
While still her beauty more divine
Appear'd in its decay—
Though cheek and eye less lustrous grew,
And those rich locks of loveliest hue
Were slightly tinged with grey,
In eyes that on her aspect gaz'd
Like mine, celestial glory shad.

Such looks, seraphic as the art
Of Guido loved to trace;
Such as his pencil could impart
To Cenci's angel face,—
Seem'd to proclaim to heart and eye
That her transition now was nigh
To that congenial place,
To which, as to their proper home,
Earth's purest make such haste to come.

Yet not without some natural pain
Can souls of heavenly birth
Break the last link of that strong chain
Which binds them down to earth;
And we, of less ethereal mould,
Feel not the fibres manifold
Which knit, in grief or mirth,
The mind of more exalted powers
To this entangling world of ours.

In his "Bridal of Alice Gray," Mr. Moultrie agreeably reminds us sometimes of Wordsworth, and occasionally of Tennyson. Here are the opening verses:

With loud, tumultuous clash and clang,
As though with sudden rapture mad,
Twelve bells congratulation rang
From that stout belfry of St. Chad;
The rite was o'er, the love-knot tied,
And down the aisle in trim array,
The bridesmaids follow'd, thoughtful-eyed,
Their wedded sister, Alice Gray.

The vestry walls had ears within
For many an old established jest;
By many a lip of friends and kin
The bride's consenting lips were press'd;
And, all things done, in order meet,
Again the fair procession pass'd
Through gazing crowds that lined the street,
And gain'd the festive home at last.

But there flock'd in a gathering host
Of neighbours, some esteem'd through life
The friend since youth beloved the most,
The college crony with his wife;
The school companion of the bride,
The bridegroom's chum of yesterday,—
All came to grace in pomp and pride
The nuptial feast of Alice Gray.

Yet mirth came not:—o'er old and young,
Kinsfolk and friends assembled there,
A smile o'ercreasting shadow hung,
A cloudy consciousness of care;
And though the board was richly spread,
And wine its cheering influence lent,
It might on every brow be read
That 'twas no time for merriment.

The bride had still that anxious mien
Which all the previous day she wore;
At wedding-feast was seldom seen
A sadder, sweeter face before;
Her father strove with laugh and jest
The deep heart-trouble to disguise,
Which yet his faltering tones express'd,
Which glimmer'd in his misty eyes.

I rose, the chaplain of the day,
Obedient to maternal sign,
A few appropriate words to say,
And pledge the parting pair in wine;
And half in earnest, half in joke,
In bantering serio-comic style,
Essay'd a speech which should provoke,
If not a laugh, at least a smile.
But when the laugh was fairly laugh'd,
And other friends had said their say,
And toasts been cheer'd and bumpers claff'd,
And changes rung on "grave and gay;"

And after may a last embrace,
And parting words said o'er and o'er,
The bride had turn'd her tearful face
From that dear home—her home no more!

Elsewhere in the same poem, in reference to his own writings, Mr. Moultrie says:

In sooth, such trifles suit but ill
The work which has been mine since youth;
The rhymers' light fantastic skill
But mars the solid ore of truth;
And we who strive with death and sin,
In ceaseless never-ending fight,
But rarely time or taste can win
For Fancy's dreams of vain delight.

And, in a similar spirit,

My genius is not of the brood
Which spreads its wings and soars sublime
Beyond the bounds of space and time;
Nor have I well the muses woo'd;
Nor served them with a perfect heart;
Still with such melody content,
As Nature to my fingering lent
With scant appliances of art.

We cannot resist the temptation to quote from the *Muse Ettonensis* the following tribute to the memory of the poet Gray:

One mighty in the realm of lyric song,
A ceaseless wanderer through the wide domains
Of thought which to the studious soul belong;
One far withdrawn from this world's busy throng,
And seeking still in academic bowers
A safe retreat from tumult, strife, and wrong;
Where, solacing with verse his lonely hours,
He wove ambrosial wreaths of amaranthine flowers.

To him from boyhood to life's latest hour
The passion, kindled first beside the shore
Of thine own Thames, retain'd its early power.
'Twas his with restless footsteps to explore
All depths of ancient and of modern lore;
With unabated love to feed the eye
Of silent thought on the exhaustless store
Of beauty, which the gifted may descry
In all the beaming land of fruitful phantasy.

To him the Grecian muse, devoutly woo'd,
Unveil'd her beauty, and entranced his ear,
In many a rapt, imaginative mood,
With harmony which only poets hear,
Even in that old enchanted atmosphere:
To him the painter's and the sculptor's art
Disclosed those hidden glories which appear
To the clear vision of the initiate heart,
In contemplation calm from worldly care apart.

Nor lack'd he the profounder, purer sense,
Of beauty, in the face of Nature seen,
But loved the mountain's rude magnificence,
The valley's glittering brooks and pastures green,
Moonlight and morn and sunset's golden sheen,
The stillness and the storm of lake and sea,
The hedgerow elms with grassy lanes between,
The winding footpath, the broad bowery tree,
The deep clear river's course majestically free:

Such were his haunts in recreative hours,—
To such he fondly turn'd from time to time,
And Granta's cloister'd courts, and gloomy towers,
And stagnant Camus' circumambient slime;
Well pleas'd o'er Cambria's mountain-peaks to climb,
Or, with a larger, more adventurous range,
Plant his bold steps on alpine heights sublime,
And gaze on Nature's wonders vast and strange;
Then roam through the rich South with swift and ceaseless change.

Yet with his settled and habitual mood
Accorded better the green English vale,
The pastoral mead, the cool sequestered wood,
The spacious park fenced in with rustic pale,
The pleasant interchange of hill and dale,
The churchyard darkened by the yew-tree's shade
And rich with many a rudely sculptured tale
Of those beneath its turf sepulchral laid,
Of human tears that flow, of earthly hopes that fade!

With many a graceful fold of learned thought
He wrapp'd himself around, well pleas'd to shroud
His spirit in the web itself had wrought
From the rude pressure of the boisterous crowd;
Nor loftier purpose cherish'd or avow'd;
Nor claim'd the prophet's or the teacher's praise;
Content in studious ease to be allow'd
With nice artistic craft to weave his lays,
And lose himself at will in song's melodious maze.

Slow to create, fastidious to refine,
He wrought and wrought with labour long and sore;
Adjusting word by word and line by line;
Each thought, each phrase, remoulding o'er and o'er,
Till art could polish and adorn no more,
And stiffed fancy sank beneath the load
Of gorgeous words and decorative lore
In rich profusion on each verse bestow'd,
To grace the shrine wherein the poet's soul abode.

And was his mission thus fulfill'd on earth?
For no sublimer use the powers design'd,
Which liberal Nature gave him at his birth,
And life-long culture ripen'd and refined?
Owed he no more to Heaven and to mankind,
Than these few notes of desultory song?
Nay, slight we not Heaven's boon, nor strive to find
Occasion to impeach the bard of wrong
Whose strains, a deathless gift, to us and ours belong!

The portrait of Canning in the same poem is not less worthy of its subject. The "Church Builders," "Saint Mary the Virgin and the Wife," the "Black Fence," and the "Pentecostal Ode," are poems of great merit, but of too polemical a character for our columns. The sketch entitled "The Curate at Home" does not, however, fall within this category.

There's something in a cloister's bound,
And something in a convent cell:
If not in sense, at least in sound,
The words ring clear and jingle well.
But nought exists so pure and sweet
Within the wide expanse of earth
As Love and Learning's joint retreat,
The English pastor's home and hearth.
The dear constraint of household ties,
The daily kiss of wife and child;
The love which gushes to the eyes
From springs of feeling undefiled;
The round of duties blithely run,
Where each and all their parts fulfil;
Like stars revolving round the sun,
In their appointed orbits still;

The frugal yet convivial meal,
At which familiar faces throng;
The health that looks and limbs reveal;
The morning task, the evening song;
The praise and prayer at morn and night
For blessings shared, for sins forgiven!
These make the pastor's dwelling bright
With gleams as of approaching heaven.

We must conclude with the following sonnet:—

Sweet is the blossom'd promise of the Spring,
Its pleasant interchange of sun and showers,
Its verdant herbage prank'd with star-like flowers,
The cuckoo's note, the song which thrushes sing;
Sweet too is summer, when the zephyr's wing
Fans the meridian heat (which else o'erpowers

The fainting soul), and green umbrageous bowers
Of thick-leaved boughs refreshing coolness bring;
But sweeter to discerning heart and eye
Is autumn with its fruitage ripe and red,
Its foliage steep'd in many a gorgeous dye,
Its waving cornfields rich in promised bread;—
Such, dearest, is thine autumn; why should I
Grieve, if thy summer, like thy spring, hath fled?

MR. BOHN has reprinted in his "Antiquarian Library" a work that will be very welcome, *Lamb's Specimens of English Dramatic Poets*, to which are added the extracts from the Garrick Plays.—The fifth volume of *Cooper's Works*, as edited by Southey, has also appeared in "Bohn's Standard Library."

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

THE CRITIC ABROAD.

IN days of old, when monarchs were apt to get drowsy after dinner, and when court wit was insufficient to keep royal eyelids from drooping after a hard day's hunting, a jester was maintained out of the privy purse, whose especial duty it was to provide fun for the company—whose prerogative it was to tell thorny truths at random—and whose pay was the run of the buttery, with sack and canary at pleasure. Practical philosophers in cap and bells were they; privileged preachers of sense and nonsense; profound moralists, protected by the insignia of empty bladders; veracious men, given to lying at times only. Kings had their jesters; nobles, lord-mayors, and small gentry, had their fools. A jester or a fool was as essential to a great house as a cook or a scullion. Hereabouts we are reminded of former reading in a penny chap-book, of a certain northern laird, who maintained no cook, we suspect, but who maintained a trumpeter, who preceded his lordship in his progress, and eke a fool, who did duty as cowherd when his services were not otherwise required. This cowherd was a man of a contemplative turn of mind—a rustic Plato, who had his own proper notions as to how the world should be guided. Like St. Anthony, he had small notion of an active life, and while the cows were straying in forbidden clover, he himself would be basking on sunny bank engaged in drowsy meditation on men and things in general. One day he had almost reached the "*Quod erat demonstrandum*" of a pet problem when an uncultivated runt broke in upon his studies. Philosophers are not exempt from human passions. Seizing his cudgel, which, until now, had subtended the angle of a right-angled triangle, it became in his enraged grasp such an effective projectile, at a short range, that the thigh of the animal was broken. Repentance followed on the heels of the deed—such repentance as flows from the dread of consequences. What was he to say to the laird—he who had power of "pot and gallows"—who could hang, drown, draw and quarter within his own jurisdiction, no king or parliament daring to say him nay? The wise fool suggested to himself, aloud, a variety of statements which he might make to account for the accident; but they would not hold the water of his own logic. Dissatisfied with the sophistry and impotent artifices of his own device, he came to the sage and valorous conclusion—"Yes! I shall even tell the truth. The truth tells twice!" "Right, my man!" said the terrible laird, who had overheard his fool's monologue—"Right, my man! the truth does tell twice"—and the peccant cowherd was forthwith forgiven.

We are not exactly sure when court-gossips took the place of court-jesters, and when the cap and bells were set aside for the pen and inkstand. With the progress of letters, it is possible that the jester merged gradually into the gossip, with this advantage to himself and society, that while his jests were ephemeral, how good soever they might have been, his written gossip was destined to amuse and inform posterity—especially when his gossip had such truth in it that it told twice. The gossip has not always told the tale that most redounds to his own honour; but we accept his candour, and acknowledge that he helps us to a better understanding of the men and transactions of his times than we gain from the pages of the formal historian. It is this that gives such interest and piquancy to the French memoir and the English diary. Here, now, by way of example. Just at the time when our own Admiralty Pepys was jotting down all he knew

about "Nelly," and the doings of the court of the Merry Monarch, not forgetting royal scandals and the pattern of his wife's new gown, there was one Philippe de Courcillon, Marquis de Dangeau, who was performing a similar office about the court of *le grand Monarque*. He kept a journal of the sayings and doings of royalty; and his book-keeping, according to the judgment of such a judge as Madame de Maintenon, unregistered that quality of truth which tells twice. He writes as an eyewitness and earwitness, without note or comment, of the things he saw and heard tell of; and affords us a lively insight into the manners and morals of French society towards the close of the seventeenth and beginning of the eighteenth centuries. The first volume of a new edition of his journal has recently been published—*Journal du Marquis de Dangeau* ("Journal, &c., published entire for the first time"), by Messrs. Soulié, Dussieux, De Chennevières, &c., with the inedited additions of the Duc de Saint-Simon. Madame de Genlis published the journal, in an abridged form, about forty years ago. We infer from the present title-page that we are to have, in a printed form, the whole of the thirty-seven folio volumes which the Marquis left behind him. The first volume comprises the years 1684-1686. At this rate the work will extend to six or eight volumes, as the journal is brought down to 1720.

The pleasant gossip was born in 1638, and had a pedigree running all the way up to Hugh Capet. It is necessary that a man should write well who has a long ancestry to boast of. When a youth, he served in Flanders under the great Turenne. He afterwards served in Spain, and with such credit, that the Spanish King would have taken him into his service; but he found him too much of a Frenchman. Ultimately he became a courtier, and was a great favourite with Louis XIV. "He had a fine figure," says Fontenelle, "with much natural genius, which approached to the making of agreeable verses." The same authority informs us, that he had *un tèle algebrigue*, a head algebraical. Whether he could master an equation of the third degree we know not; but of his verse-making power we are told, that once, when engaged in playing a game with the King, he made bold to ask the latter for an apartment in the Château de Saint Germain, when lodgings there were rather scarce. The King replied, that he would grant him the favour he asked for, provided he composed a hundred verses of poetry, neither more nor less, while the game was being played. The terms were accepted. At the close of the game, which he played with his usual care, he repeated a hundred well-measured verses, which he had composed and fixed upon his memory meanwhile. Madame de Genlis remarks, rather ill-naturedly we think, that the King did not require very good verses, and that, as it is easy to improvise bad verses, it is possible he did so, when the game was over, without being entitled to the credit of having the powers of a compound thinker. The journal is made up of such entries as the following—we exclude dates:—

The King gave a pension of two thousand francs to the Chevalier du Guet, who had married his nurse's granddaughter. . . . Madame the Dauphiness danced at the ball. Her dress was so heavy she could scarcely carry it. . . . There was a great contest between the four-and-twenty ladies, as to which are to follow the king to Paris. . . . Never so many ladies at Fontainebleau as this year. . . . The King slept at Vertus. There he learned that Mademoiselle de Simiane, maid-of-honour to Madame, had died at Paris, and could not help saying that, now she was dead, she was the fattest girl he had ever seen. . . . At the ball (a royal ball) a cavalry officer was robbed of his money (pickpockets

contrived to get into the palace in those days, it seems). The King ordered that he should receive the hundred pistoles he had lost, saying: "It is not just that a poor officer should lose here all that he can amass in my service in a whole year."

The Marquis was employed to conclude the marriage of the Duke of York with the Princess of Modena. Occurrences in England are often noted down in his journal. Thus:—

The King, on leaving the residence of Madame de Maintenon, told us of the death of the King of England. . . . The courier said that the King of England (Charles II.) had died a Catholic, was confessed, and had communicated at the hands of a priest whose life he had saved at a battle against Cromwell.

We have space to tell one anecdote more only, of the handsome and versatile Marquis. One day, just as the King was about to attend his council, he received a letter from Mlle. de la Vallière, and immediately sent for Dangeau, whose genius he appreciated, charging him to frame an answer to it. It was done, and sent to the lady. The King found this very convenient, and Dangeau wrote as many letters for him as he wished. The poor La Vallière could not keep pace with the royal scribe, and she too had recourse to Dangeau. He thus wrote both the letters and the answers, and this went on for a whole year. La Vallière finished by confessing to the King, and he on his part was no less frank with her. The editors have appended many valuable notes to this edition, and the commentaries of Saint-Simon add greatly to its value. He who would know of the times of Louis Quatorze and the Regency, and of the vices, foibles, and frivolities of court life, will turn to the pages of the gossiping Marquis.

Descending from these gay cavalier days of flowing perukes, brocades, satins, and poetical slipslop, one M. Etienne Malpertuy would introduce us to the era of hair-powder, hooped petticoats, high-heeled shoes, gaiters and pantaloons. He writes *Histoire de la Société Française au XVIII. et au XIX. Siècle*: ("History of French Society in the Eighteenth and Nineteenth centuries.") These are undoubtedly two of the most important centuries in man's history since his first creation; and French society presents within the time so many phases of interest and instruction, that we can hardly suppose a better subject in the hands of an able writer. M. Malpertuy is not an able writer, however, and under his treatment a lively theme is made a rather dull one. It is nevertheless up to a certain point an instructive book, and is well, if not quite logically written. Of the present age of France he says:—

The human mind is at once religious and sceptical; it enters the Church, and loves Voltaire by tradition; it is monarchical with an after-thought of the republic; it is republican, with secret inclinations for monarchy; it is moral, without a very great horror of vice; it is perverse, without any great hatred of virtue. One is almost tempted to believe that, in wishing to do everything, it has done nothing. This general character of the nineteenth century is vividly reproduced in individuals. Whatever we are, we are no longer homogeneous beings, but fragments of all sorts of things. Our souls are made up of a little we have taken from Christianity, and a little from the Voltairian philosophy—we are neither Christians nor Atheists; our political opinions fit like rags torn from both the monarchy and the republic; our hearts are as well disposed for liberty as for servitude; our instincts are materialist; our souls are sad and dreamy, as if, in our avidity to enjoy everything, we had always the feeling that everything escapes us.

Notwithstanding the noise of Napier's guns in the Gulf of Finland, and the destruction of

much imperial tar and oakum, the Finlanders pursue the arts of peace with unabated ardour. There is much that is commendable in the indomitable literary and scientific spirit of these people; they cultivate a native literature, which is said not to be without force and elegance by those qualified to judge. The Carric has, on different occasions, given specimens of their national poetry and legends. To extend a knowledge of their language in Europe, their literati have compiled a Swedo-Finnish vocabulary, which will be of great assistance to the philologist. The Swedish language is also greatly cultivated in Finland. Last year there appeared, from the Finnish press: 1. *Molnbilder* ("Cloudshapes"), by Johannes Altan—poems cloudy enough, founded on a bad German model, but stirring. 2. *Alku* is a poetical calendar by the sweet ladies Vendela and Augusta, published at Helsingfors. May no stray bullet damage the roof where fair votaries of the Muses take shelter. Vendela writes a poetical tale, entitled "Maria," founded on facts—Augusta writes on simple themes. 3. The *Poetisk och litterär Kalender*, published at Abo, is a pleasing collection of prose and verse, discoursing of Dante, Spanish romances, and the Bible. 5. *Vintergrön* ("The Periwinkle") is also poetical. We don't mean the gentleman who is first boiled, and then ingeniously extracted with a crooked pin from his spiral abode, by the mollusc-lover at tea-table; but the *Vinea minor*—one of our pretty spring-flowers so called. 6. and last. The *Sjövägen* ("The Sea-wave") is edited by a lady of Helsingfors. It is a collection of poems. There is a presence of constraint in all Finnish literature, however. The bird has a will to fly higher; but its pinions are loaded. The literati are only waiting for the "good time," which will arrive some day.

Passing from the Finns to their masters, we have been highly edified by a collection of Russian proverbs, as we read them in the *Magazin für die Literatur des Auslandes* ("Foreign Literary Magazine"), by Dr. Julius Altmann. He has taken them down from the mouths of post-boys, drosky-drivers, tradespeople, soldiers and sailors, as well as from lips aristocratic. We select a few.

The bear does not catch which he will, but which he can.—Words threaten, but fists strike.—When the rope is pulled the bell rings.—The season spares the sparrow and brings the nightingale into the cage.—Courage covers the brave man better than the shield covers the coward.—The friendship which the nail contracts with the hammer is shown in blows.—He who ruins himself starves his neighbour.—The oil is as necessary to the lamp as the wick.—During the first year the young wife is like fiery must; in the second she decides whether she shall make wine of it or vinegar.—The squirrel defends his agility, the bear his strength.—You may saddle a sow, but you cannot ride her.—One learns to eat bread sooner than to earn it.—The shadow may be far from the sun, but light is the sun's companion.—Vain good the thief steals, warm hearts the slanderer.—The sea does not care for the friendship of the wind, but the skipper does.—Envy sees the bridge only, not the swamp that it spans.—We have both rowed well together, said the fly to the boatman when both were over the ferry.—The Czar does not dwell in the poor man's hut, or he would know his needs.—Good advice becomes a virtue first when it is followed.—You may catch inches with a net, but not falcons.—It is better to beg than to steal, better to labour than to beg. The whip (knout) dances finely on the thief's back, but the thief does not pipe to it.—The belly has an eye for bread, be it even hard; but there is no ear for counsel, be it ever so soft.

Here we must pause.

The reader will recollect the laird of Monk-barns in Scott's "Antiquary," and also the sly gaberlunzie Edie Ochiltree. He will remember the discovery of the stone with the inscription A. D. L. L., which the satisfied antiquary rendered Agricola Dicavit Libens Lubens, and which Edie, who had a remembrance of the "kale-suppers o' Fife," rendered Aiken Drum's Lang Laddle. We can furnish a veracious counterpart to this story for the instruction of antiquaries. In January 1662, when they were digging, in Vienna, the foundations for the second half of the imperial castle, the workmen found a rude stone coffin, in which, besides earth, there were human bones, a piece of bronze money, a small vase of blue glass, inclosed in a bronze envelope, and an iron knife with a small, round, longish handle. There was also found, within another bronze envelope, an extremely thin plate of gold. It was rolled up very closely, and contained an inscription, in characters so fine, that it required the strongest magnifying glass

to make any thing of them. To make a long story short, the inscription was engraved, and appeared in Lambeck's Commentaries. This engraving is the only representative of the original plate of gold, which has disappeared from Vienna. From Lambeck's deciphering, the Jesuit Father Kircher read: ILIADO HCT LAZIADIS IANTVRE DAMALMENEV ABIATANABA IMALKI ACRAV SVMARIS THOLB KAVBASOM: meaning, "Here lies Laziad, the consort of Damalmeneu Abiatanabas, the highest king of Sumarias, the ruler of the Caucasus." One hundred and thirty years afterwards, the Franciscan M. P. Katanesch gave a new solution. According to him, the inscription is in Pannonian or Croatian, and runs: PASAL OV IEST NATAV ICH IANTURRE. DASV SVA ME NEV A VRATA IVAZKA. A KRANSI PANIA RI ZVAM PIAIAZ. TIEOV A SLAVA VIECSNA. That is: "This writing is the sum of the agreement, that your borders shall extend from the imperial gate to the Pannonian borders. *Unity be with you, peace and eternal renown.*" According to Herr von Karajan, both these versions of the inscription are wrong, and he shows the reason why. He will have it that the inscription is Gothic, and should be read, NASEI O KVT. SALIDA IST. JAINDRE. DASVINA MENIDA. AB SATANA VBL. ACRANIS. MANVA BI. HVAM DIVDOS. GNOBA KABAUVGONA. Which, being interpreted, means: "Save, O God! Dasvina is sacrificed, who was threatened by the evil Satan, when she was ready to bring forth fruit: Thou before whom the knees of the people are bent!" The last reading has some meaning; but our learning does not enable us to pronounce judgment as to which of the three is the right one.

FRANCE.

Le Berceau du Communisme en Perse, Etudes Historiques et Philosophiques. Par Mme. GUILLARD MN. (The Cradle of Communism in Persia, &c.) Londres: W. Jeffs. 12mo.

THE times, almost since the beginning of time, have now and then been sadly out of joint. That is, society, from the earliest period, has had an awkward tendency of lapsing into the most violent extremes of ease and misery, wealth and poverty, privilege and bondage, content and discontent. Even in the Golden Age we can conceive of individuals lacking in the precious metal; of housewives put to their shifts to make the pot boil; of indignant shepherds making a "strike," breaking their melodious reeds, and casting down their crooks, on account of some vexed bread-and-butter question; and of tawny vine-dressers sulking about a ten-hours' bill, and getting uproarious over must. To correct such evils, remedies have been applied in ancient times more drastic than wise, tending rather to aggravate than to eradicate them. The most intelligent scheme to restore the balance of society, in former times, was that devised and carried into effect by the great Hebrew legislator. He foresaw the tendency of capital to avail itself of meanness and improvidence, of the hundred-acre man to swallow up the ten-acre, and the thousand-acre the fifty-acre man; and, though well aware that the poor would "never cease out of the land," he wisely ordained that every seventh year should be a year of release for the poor, when the lender should release the borrower, and the servant go forth free; and that every fiftieth year should be a year of jubilee, when every man should return into his possession. This system succeeded very well for many generations; but it was not so perfect as to prevent the existence of a landed aristocracy, or to obviate the necessity of a poor man having to pawn his blanket in hard times.

To meet the evil indicated, modern theorists have proposed socialism, communism, and a variety of other *isms*, including Mormonism; and Fourier, St. Simon, Owen, and Joe Smith, have all regarded themselves as most original geniuses and saviours of society. Let men but live in parallelograms, hexagons, circles, or other figures mathematical, and go share and share alike in all the good things of this world, and there will no longer be talk of bad times and struggles to live! It is not our intention to discuss the question here; our only business is to show from the pages of our ingenious authoress that communism is by no means a modern suggestion, and that it was widely preached and greedily embraced by a portion of society some thirteen centuries ago.

Madame Mn. introduces us to a curious and interesting episode in oriental history.

In the days of Kobad, King of Persia, and of his son and successor, the famous Nushirvan, at the close of the fifth and beginning of the sixth century, there lived a man named Mazdak, a native of Istakr, or Persepolis, the ancient capital of Persia. He was at first a Manichæan priest, but became dissenter—finding, possibly, that within the narrow limits of a sect he could not realise the vast social schemes he was building up in his brain. He appears to have been a man of much observation and penetration. He looked around him and beheld the licence and rapacity of the satraps, the intrigues and cupidity of the magi, and a tyranny at once refined and brutal, which crushed the people. For a humble ex-priest to oppose himself to a wealthy aristocracy and a powerful hierarchy, was no common daring; but he knew human nature, and was confident in his own abilities.

He arrived at the conclusion that the exclusive possession of anything whatsoever, wife included, was the principal source of the evil—the abuse of this right having led to the accumulation of riches and the establishment of seraglios for the gratification of the few to the great injury of the majority. Hence he laid down the principle that all right of property, individual and exclusive, should be for ever abolished; that everything necessary to life and human well-being, wives, flocks, all manner of riches, should be *juris communis*. The object of Mazdak, according to Charistan the Arab, was, that every man should be able to enjoy these things with the same freedom as the air he breathed or the water he drank from the spring that gushed at his feet.

Here was a comfortable doctrine for poor men. It is true his discipline was strict, and that his bill of fare almost entirely excluded the use of animal food; but then he who hitherto had been able to enjoy a quarter meal of rice only, was now pretty certain to enjoy a full meal, with a second course of dates or figs, and something more potent than spring-water to rejoice the heart. Mazdak's sermons were, without doubt, the most persuasive ever heard in Iran.

He recommended prayer, and prayed much himself. He preached against luxury, and clothed himself in the coarsest garments only. In short, he led a pure and pious life, and was never in the ranks of those who have given rise to the proverb—"Don't do as I do; but do as I bid you do."

In every part of Persia he had admiring and grateful disciples and followers; and, finding himself supported by the popular voice, he resolved to act as well as preach, and to strike at the root of the evil.

He openly attacked the nobles, demolished their splendid seats, opened the gates of their seraglios, spoiled them of their riches, and distributed the whole—women, treasures, lands, and flocks—among men who then only understood that they were no longer slaves, and that they, too, had a right to the "property of the Creator."

Here was the beginning of a pretty little revolution, attended with the usual amount of breakage and violence; but, desperate diseases requiring desperate remedies, the Mazdakites considered their handiwork not only justifiable but meritorious; and they had not yet done. The Magi, the fire-priests, next felt the force of their vengeance. The sacred altars were overturned; the temples closed or destroyed; and the men who had flourished through their hypocrisy and rapacity were driven from the soil, or put to death. From the Tigris to the Indus the Communists, though frequently resisted, were victorious; and Mazdak, strengthened by numbers from day to day, marched upon the capital. It was the policy of Kobad, the sovereign, to accord the chief of the Communists a gracious reception; nay, he even swallowed the bitter potion, and, yielding to the request of Mazdak, avowed himself a Communist. Mazdak obtained great influence at court; but, nevertheless, having reason to doubt the sincerity of the monarch's conversion, he resolved to subject him to a severe proof. He boldly demanded that the King of Kings, the Shakinshah—he before whom hosts trembled, he in whose hands were the issues of life and death (not to speak profanely)—should surrender to him, Mazdak, whilome an insignificant priest, his favourite wife. And hereby hangs a tale—a true tale, Oriental in dye, thus related by the authoress:—

Many years before the events now spoken of had taken place, Kobad, still a young man, conspired against his brother Pallas, who then occupied the throne of Persia. The conspiracy having been discovered, Kobad only escaped death by flight, directing

his rapid course towards the confines of Touran, where he expected to find an asylum at the court, or rather in the camp, of the Khakan or King of the Huns. Passing through Nishapur, he entered into the house of a wealthy inhabitant of the city, and asked to rest himself for a few moments. He was cordially received; and, as he appeared to be overcome with fatigue, he was begged to pass the night there. Alone, and giving himself up to his thoughts, the perils of his situation presented themselves vividly to his mind; and he had already passed several hours of the night in painful wakefulness, when a young damsel of the greatest beauty suddenly entered his apartment, mysteriously approached his couch, presented to him the cup of forgetfulness, and, by the charms of her conversation, succeeded in dissipating the cares that weighed upon the heart of the royal fugitive. It was the only daughter of the master of the house. The charm of her beauty, the seducing grace of her manners, captivated the heart of the prince; nor was she indifferent to the ardour of a young man so noble and so unfortunate. Deceiving the vigilance of the guardians of the harem, she found means to remain beside him. The divan of hospitality became the confidant of their tenderness; but Kobad, having drunk the cup of forgetfulness, the thought that he was transgressing the sacred laws never entered his mind; thus his honour slept tranquilly under the kisses of love. The sun surprised them together before they were aware that the moon had ceased to watch over them. But, the officers of the King being hard upon his footsteps, he was compelled to tear himself away from pleasure. His beautiful courser of the desert carried him safe and sound to the camp of the King of the Huns, where he was received with the honours due to his rank. Four years he followed the nomadic court of this prince, when, new troubles having broken out in Persia, a chance of success was presented to him. The Khakan joined himself to the prince, in order to dethrone Pallas. At the head of a numerous army of Huns he invaded the Persian soil, and penetrated as far as Nishapur, without having found much resistance. He stopped in this city to repose his troops, fatigued with a long and rapid march. The news of the arrival of the young prince, attended by his redoubtable ally, spread rapidly throughout the city; and soon the palace where he had taken up his abode was filled with people, who came to render him homage, foreseeing the complete success of his enterprise. In the crowd of flatterers a young lady of exceeding beauty was remarked, holding by the hand a lovely child, and who demanded, with great earnestness, to have a private interview with the prince. Conducted into his presence, her sole discourse consisted in fixing upon him her beautiful black eyes, in a manner which seemed to say "Dost know me, again?" A ray of memory fell upon the heart of Kobad; he recognised her immediately. It was the young damsel who, four years before, had caused him to forget the vengeance and death which pursued him; and the beautiful boy she led by the hand was his son. Nothing could surpass the surprise and joy of Kobad at a meeting so unexpected. All at once a great shout rising in the city interrupted the effusion of his feelings. A courier, bearing good news, had arrived from Persepolis. Conducted to the palace amid the acclamations of the people, he announced to the prince the death of Pallas. . . . Kobad immediately set out for Persepolis. The young lady and her son followed him there, attended by a royal suite, and treated with all the honours due to a queen and to a prince of Persia. She became, and continued to be, the favourite of the King; and the beautiful child was named Nushirvan (i. e. Generous Spirit), and succeeded him on the throne, and filled the world with the splendour of his name and the renown of his arms.

It was this lovely favourite and mother that Mazdak demanded of Kobad as a proof of the sincerity of his faith. The indignant monarch refused; but the Communist chief was inexorable; a word from his lips, and the throne of the Sassanides would probably have been overthrown. The King yielded, and the favourite Queen was about to be led to the couch of Mazdak, when young Nushirvan entered, and, with tears in his eyes, entreated that his mother might be spared disgrace. Mazdak relented, satisfied with this proof of the King's sincerity, fearing that he would be exceeding his power, or doubting whether the beautiful Queen would passively assent to the gross transfer. Notwithstanding this piece of audacity, he continued to enjoy the royal favour and to direct the council of the kingdom. After having made his doctrine the religion and political law of Persia, Mazdak wished to introduce it into Persarmenia; but was defeated by the Nestorians. The consequence of this defeat was a reaction in Persia. The prestige of his name was lost; Kobad was driven from his kingdom; a usurper sat upon his throne; and the Communists were either destroyed by treachery or suppressed by the nobles and Magi, who once more were in the ascendant. The end of Mazdak has been variously related. One account states that, when Nushirvan came at length to the throne

(A.D. 531), many of the magnates rallied round him, who had forsaken his father when he embraced Communism, among others the Arab emir Munzer. One day Mazdak and the Emir were in the presence of Nushirvan, when the latter, addressing himself to the Emir, said:—

My heart had two wishes. The first was to see you return to your duty. That is now accomplished. The second was to see this new religion extirpated from my states. "How dare you," exclaimed Mazdak, "speak of destroying a religion which is now the faith of so great a number?" This observation, and more perhaps the tone in which it was uttered, wounded Nushirvan so keenly that he avenged himself upon the spot, and ordered the arrest and execution of the bold man guilty of offence towards royal majesty. Hearing his condemnation pronounced, Mazdak replied with firmness: "God hath raised thee so high in order to protect thy subjects, not to put them arbitrarily to death!" "Miserable man," cried Nushirvan, "hast thou forgotten that one day thou didst wish to couch with my mother?" The sentence which struck Mazdak extended to his disciples; all the Mazdakites were devoted to death.

Every species of property was restored to those who had been deprived of it; after the fall of Mazdak, women re-entered the seraglio, the poor returned to their ancient misery, and then, says the authoress sarcastically, *l'ordre fut rétabli*.

The accomplished writer states, but wisely abstains from discussing several questions connected with Communism; among others, that which might arise on the maxim laid down by Mazdak, that "it is impious in an individual to appropriate to himself a thing, animate or inanimate, which is the property of the Creator, and, as such, destined for the common use of the human species." We do not hesitate to pronounce a doctrine, expressed in such specious phraseology, as a most dangerous one. The writer's views are liberal, and many of her observations extremely pertinent; and here and there we can detect traces of the peculiar class of politics which directed the pen, and can fancy the quiet delight enjoyed in the reminiscence of a descendant of the Sassanides being "obliged to associate with a 'demagogue,' with a 'false-prophet,' to support his throne upon what M. Thiers calls in our days, in designating the major party of the French nation, '*la vile multitude*.'"

ITALY.

(FROM OUR ITALIAN CORRESPONDENT)
BOLOGNA AND RAVENNA.

Ancona, Aug. 18.

SOME important art-restorations are now in progress at the Legatine Villa of *S. Michele in Bosco*, outside the walls of Bologna—a vast and splendid palace, formerly a monastery of Benedictine Olivetans, converted, after the suppression of that community in 1797, into prisons and barracks, but which the Cardinal Legates, and subsequently to the late revolutions the Pontific Commissaries who have succeeded them in the government of the four Legations, have been restoring, as their country residence, since 1843, in a style where not merely magnificence, but taste and enlightened love for art are asserted. It is a palace which, thus renovated, unites the solemnity of the cloister with the refined luxury of a modern princely establishment—two of the most characteristic aspects in Italian life being here imposingly combined; and its position on the summit of a green and wooded eminence, amidst delicious gardens, immediately overlooking the quaint old city, and commanding on one side a view of the lower Apennines, on the other, the richly-cultured plains of the Adriatic provinces extending as far as the eye can reach, renders this truly a residence which royalty might covet. The most celebrated paintings here occupy an octagonal cloister—their series consisting of thirty-seven large pieces, mostly fresco, but a few in oils, one by Guido, the rest by Ludovico Carracci and the scholars of the Carracci. Those in the larger compartments, and of much more numerous grouping, illustrate the complete history of St. Benedict; those in the smaller, the acts and martyrdom of St. Cecilia. Partly from exposure to the air, partly from maltreatment suffered at the hands of brutal soldiers and convicts, they had been reduced to the state of little more than shadows, but still shadows of noble substances; and it is now the intention to restore them, as much as possible, from old engravings which yet happily exist, preserving their original designs. One, in fresco, has been already thus revived with ability by a Bolognese artist, thanks to the present commissary, Monsignor Grassellini, who has liberally engaged Podesti, from Rome, to complete the remainder of this task. The first restored is by Tiarini, on a subject rather unpleasant—the disinterment of a monk who could not lie quiet in his grave after receiving the Eucharist unworthily, and from whose body the consecrated particle is being miraculously removed through the breast of the

priest who has officiated at mass in presence of the Benedictine community. The composition by L. Carracci of Totila paying homage to St. Benedict is only preserved in a few half-obliterated but grandly-designed figures, that awaken deep regrets for the destruction of the rest.

"The Miraculous Increase of Flour, when brought in sacks for the kitchen of Monte Cassino," by Massari, is in better condition, and treated with much dramatic effect. "The Burning and Sack of that monastery by the Goths" (L. Carracci), is like a fine picture seen through a dark veil, yet, even in this state of effacement, admirable for the vivid presentment of the subject, with its fierce groups of soldiery, and the smouldering conflagration against a midnight sky. "St. Benedict receiving Offerings from various classes of the faithful in his cavern at Subiaco" (Guido), is said to have been retouched by that master nine years before his death, and must have been one of his finest works, to judge not so much from the lamentably obliterated original, as from a good copy in the church of these once-monastic buildings (where are several pictures of merit). The figure of the saint, in long white vestments, at the mouth of the cave, is nobly patriarchal, and expresses gratification without the least elation or surprise at the homage thus manifested towards him. Nothing could be finer than the contrasted action and character of the numerous figures approaching, in the midst of a wild landscape, to present their several offerings in provisions, beasts of burden, &c.; and some females, especially one with a turban, are specimens of Guido's peculiar but happiest manner. The picture may be regarded as not merely a lively illustration of a single epoch in the story of this great saint, but in a more abstract sense, as a poem on the monastic institution in its influences over society during the Middle Ages. In the stately corridor of this palace, which runs along its entire extent, and measures 427 feet, with proportionate elevation and width, Monsignor Bedini (the late Commissary) began, and his successor is continuing, a series of medallion portraits in oils of all the Popes, by artists of Rome and Bologna. Hither have been moved a large collection of ancient paintings from the Academy, where space was wanting for their suitable location. In another gallery has been placed a series of reliefs, also transported from the Academy, being the works presented in the competition for the prize of sculpture during several successive years, and all retained because pronounced worthy. Canova's gracefully majestic statue of Peace, a highly-idealised portrait of the Empress Maria Louisa, stands in one of the tastefully-furnished saloons; and the great corridor is finely terminated, near one extremity, by a cast of the colossal Neptune, the bronze of which, by the Flemish artist, still called "Giovanni di Bologna," adorns the beautiful fountain on the principal piazza of the city.

Another public restoration does credit to the spirit and intelligence of the Bolognese Municipality—that of the *Archiginnasio*, formerly the edifice of the University, but since the transfer of that Institution in 1803 to a more modern palace degraded into a barrack, though subsequently restored to educational purposes for the *Scuole Pie*, or gratuitously-attended public schools, which are well conducted in Bologna. About ten years ago those schools were removed to another quarter; the Library of the Commune was transferred to the Archiginnasio; and a restoration was ordered of the countless heraldic devices and laudatory inscriptions, gilt, painted, and cut in marble, which cover the walls of a double portico surrounding the court, and the upper part of those in all the rooms now appropriated to books. The system observed of old was to emblazon on the academic walls the crests, with names, of all students who had won honours, of all professors in any way distinguished, as well as patrons and benefactors of this university. Those who had no "boast of heraldry" in their families are recorded by name, with the emblems of the country or city to which they belonged. The library, public during only four hours every day, occupies fourteen halls, whose entire length, seen from one point at a single glance through a line of corresponding doorways, is 417 feet. The collection consists of 130,000 volumes, to which additions are annually made. Placed over one portal is the bust of Cardinal Mezzofanti, with an inscription informing us that this tribute was decreed by the municipality to their illustrious fellow-citizen in 1852, and justly eulogising the unrivalled linguist, "qui linguarum prope omnium cognitione miraculo orbis fuit." &c. Here we also see the bust of Count Marchetti, the late distinguished poet, who was connected with the administration of this library; that of Cardinal Macchi, who, when legate, was the first to suggest the restoration of the Archiginnasio; of the present Cardinal Archbishop, and of Pius IX. The former anatomical theatre, panelled with dark wood, contains the statues or busts of all distinguished professors of anatomy here, also in wood, and mostly executed with great spirit by Silvestro Giannotti, a Lucchese (1680—1750). The effect is singular—different indeed from what we see in all other public libraries—of this contrast between gilt and painted heraldry, marbles and devices, with the gravity of well-filled book-shelves, which only cover the lower compartments of wall. The idea, however, of thus recording the intellectual triumphs of past years seemed to me felicitous—a touching and appropriate

monument to merits, in how many instances otherwise likely to wither in obscurity, or to disappoint their early promise! Another bust of Mezzofanti occupies a niche in the circular hall on the premises of the public cemetery, which has been appropriated to the memorials of distinguished citizens. That cemetery, formerly a Carthusian monastery, and converted to its present purposes fifty years ago, must rank with the most magnificent necropolises of the world. Its two immense cloisters, whose quadrangles are surrounded by graceful arcades, open upon a vast extent of corridors, halls, and cells, lined with sepulchral recesses, either closed and covered by epitaphs, or still untenant. In the cloisters and subordinate rooms are many monuments, some consisting of mere chiaroscuro paintings on the wall; but such have been judiciously prohibited for the future, and only sculptured records are henceforth to be admitted. Few of these monuments are remarkable for artistic merit, if we except a beautiful bust, by Bernini, of a Princess Barberini, and another, full of character, being the portrait of Clotilda Tambroni, the female professor of Greek literature at this university. There is, however, a general predominance of pure taste, a felicitous union of architectural grace with funeral solemnity, in this citadel of death, that peculiarly harmonises

with the train of reflections Christianity inspires amidst tombs.

Some notices I have put together, regarding the present state of literature in these provinces, must be reserved for another letter. One publication, however, because speedily to appear at Bologna, may as well be mentioned here: a translation of Lavard's "Nineveh" (the abridged edition), by Count Ercole Malvasia, of that distinguished and ancient family to which belonged the author of "Felsina Pittrice," the most useful work on the local school of art from the earliest epoch down to that of the Carracci. I have been permitted the perusal of many parts of this translation in the now completed MS., and found only subject for approbation, both as to clearness of style and fidelity. It surprised me to detect in the original, notwithstanding the merits of that interesting work, many obscurities, or at least omissions of explanation, that might have escaped notice, till the analysis requisite for translated reproduction applied its severer tests of criticism, and such as to the translator must have proved very perplexing, had not the author, on being referred to, courteously supplied the deficiencies in a letter, with a long list of elucidations indispensably necessary. This work is to be published by subscription, in a volume of about 400 pages,

with all the illustrations engraved, in a style of which a favourable lithographic specimen is given in the prospectus. The translator is a young nobleman, who entirely dedicates himself to intellectual pursuits; and if the character of the Bolognese aristocracy might be estimated by such a representative, I must indeed bear witness to its amiability, its unostentatious superiority, and high cultivation of mind. Count Malvasia has prepared, though not yet published, a translation from another celebrated work of travels, Stephens's "Yucatan" (1st series, in 2 vols.); and has already brought out in Italian garb an anonymous offspring of our literature of the last century, "The Theory of agreeable Sensations"—an essay, the first conception of which, we are told, was contained in a letter to Bolingbroke, that appeared without the author's consent in a collection published at Paris, 1736. Notwithstanding his familiarity with our tongue (the study of which has become fashionable in Bologna), he is scrupulously almost to excess in satisfying himself of the precise meaning intended in every sentence, the exact details before the author's mind in every description. For the rest, he wants not the good judgment to render from English originals in pure Italian, without exotic idioms, and in a manner I always found perspicuous as it is graceful.

SCIENCE, ART, MUSIC, THE DRAMA, &c.

ARCHÆOLOGICAL SCIENCE.

MONTHLY SUMMARY.

A WEEK or two ago the celebrated *Sepulchral Galleries* in the mound on *Uley Bury* was reopened for the gratification of a party of archaeologists. The whole length of the gallery is twenty-two feet; its height, five feet. There are two chambers in a straight line from the entrance, and also two smaller ones on the left. It is supposed there were formerly two corresponding chambers on the right, thus giving to the plan the form of a double cross. Over the entrance was placed a very large stone. Dr. Thurnham believed that the gallery had been many times opened by several races for the purpose of depositing their dead therein. On its first opening, thirty-four years ago, two skeletons were found in the entrance of the chamber, "which were probably the remains of domestics belonging to the royal family for whom the place was constructed," and a great number of boars' tusks. Within the chambers eleven other skeletons were found, which had evidently been placed in a sitting posture. There were also found two stone axes, Danish coins, and a vessel not unlike a Roman "lachrymatory." The reader will observe the resemblance between this sepulchre and its contents, and the discovery near Meudon, which we shall presently narrate. Two other of these sepulchral galleries remain in Wiltshire, and several in Cornwall.

The *Wiltshire Archaeological and Natural History Society* held its first annual meeting at Salisbury on the 13th, 14th, and 15th of September; it was very well attended, and produced some excellent archaeological papers, which we can only very briefly notice. The Rev. Prebendary Fane read a very interesting paper on *Boyton Church*, near Warminster, and the mortuary chapels there, containing monuments of the Giffards. The chapel on the south side is of excellent transition to Decorated work, and is divided from the church by two pointed arches. Of the monuments one is a cross-legged knight in chain mail, with his hand upon his sword, whose point pierces a serpent, bearing the arms of Giffard on his pointed shield. Mr. Fane identified this as the monument of Sir Alexander Giffard, who followed his liege Lord, the second William Longespée, to the unhappy crusade under St. Louis of France; and of whom a very romantic incident is related by Matthew Paris, which was also celebrated by some forgotten minstrel in a lay still preserved in MS. in the British Museum (Cott. Julius, A. V. f. 76). In the centre of this chapel is a very richly ornamented altar-tomb of small size, hollowed inside into the form of a stone coffin, four feet eleven inches in length, of about the date of Edward III.; it probably contained the body of the Lady Margaret, the last of the Lordly Giffards. In the north chapel of the same church lies a large slab, which has been dispoiled of a fine canopied military brass of Middle Decorated date. On removing the stone last year, in the course of some repairs, it was found to cover a grave built of stones, in which was deposited a skeleton nearly perfect, with the head placed on one side of the body, as though the tenant of the grave had died by decapitation. Mr. Fane conjectures that this may be the body of the last male Giffard, who, joining in the rebellion of Thomas Earl of Lancaster, in the reign of Edward II., was beheaded at Gloucester. A paper on *Church Bells*, by the Rev. W. C. Lukis, contains much valuable antiquarian information on the subject, including a list of about sixty bell-founders of note, notices of existing ancient bells, and of the epigraphs and legends upon them. The Rev. J. E. Jackson, the Hon. Secretary, read a paper

on the *Hungerford Chapels in Salisbury Cathedral*, prefaced by an interesting summary account of chantries in general. On Thursday the new *Church at Wilton* was visited, which is interesting to the ecclesiologist as a good example of the Romanesque of Southern Europe, and to the antiquary for some examples of ancient mosaic work incorporated in the structure. Some portions of *Opus Grecanicum*, in and about the chancel, are fragments of a shrine set up in 1256 in the church of Sta. Maria Maggiore, at Rome; in the course of some alterations in that church during the last century they were purchased by Sir W. Hamilton, and remained at Strawberry Hill until the recent dispersion of that collection. A portion of *Opus Alexandrinum*, which is laid down in the entrance porch, is also old work, brought from Italy.

We ought some time ago to have noticed the first number of the *Wiltshire Archaeological and Natural History Magazine*, which is published by the above society, and which has been kindly communicated to us. It contains a full report of the proceedings on the inauguration of the society, and a few papers on ancient Wiltshire customs; an account (with drawings) of Cucking-stools, which existed until recently; of the customs of the Christmas mummers in Wiltshire, and of the Wiltshire harvest-home customs; and a transcript of the Book of Church Goods in Wiltshire seized by the Crown, under commission dated March 3, 1553.

We are also reminded that our acknowledgments are due to the *Bucks Architectural and Archaeological Society*, for the first number of their *Records*, containing, among other things, an interesting paper on the antiquities of the Chiltern Hills, by the Rev. W. J. Burgess; a notice of the finding of British gold coins on Whaddon Chase in 1849 (with a plate); notes of supposed Saxon work in the churches at Iwer and Wing; and other church notes, and notes of discoveries of Mediaeval and Roman antiquities.

Notices of the meetings of other County societies, which have crowded upon us during the last few weeks, we are compelled, by want of space, to postpone to a future number.

We cordially recommend to our readers the *Catalogue* which Mr. C. Roach Smith has just published of his valuable collection of London antiquities.

During the last twenty-five years most remarkable facilities and opportunities have been afforded in this metropolis, for forming the finest museum of local antiquities which any district in England can ever hope to possess. This duty ought to have been undertaken by the corporation of the City, and, in default of their executing it, then by the British Museum. The excavations carried on by the corporation, in the formation of new streets and the approaches to London-bridge, the construction of sewers, and the erection of numerous extensive edifices, have disclosed, at frequent intervals extending over the above period, at the depth of some seventeen feet, most remarkable and interesting remains of the Roman occupation, in edifices, sculptures, personal ornaments, weapons, and other works of art; while, usually at a somewhat less depth, numerous relics of the Middle Ages have been exhumed. From these silent records, the archaeologist is enabled to interpret the obscurities of history, to correct its inaccuracies and confirm its facts; and not unfrequently all we know of the manners and habits of past generations is solely derivable from the study and comparison of the scattered fragments of their works of art and manufacture. Yet such utter want of appreciation of these important discoveries has been exhibited by those whose special duty it was to

have secured what was removable, and to have accurately noted and surveyed what it was impossible to preserve—that no inducement was sufficient to urge the extension of an excavation either laterally or longitudinally, beyond the prescribed limits of constructive requirements, though the most important results might have attended the investigation. Even much that was discovered was conveyed away as rubbish, without a record, save in the note-book of the casual and assiduous antiquary. As we would not willingly commit an injustice, we must however state that, owing to urgent appeals and solicitations, there has existed for some years within the Guildhall a receptacle for the city antiquities, though its contents are immeasurably inferior to some five or six private collections which we could name. Nor does there appear to have been any serious desire to augment it, as we learn from the preface to the volume before us that two collections were offered to the City, and, being rejected, were unavoidably dispersed; while we ourselves have witnessed, almost under the shadow of Guildhall, City antiquities freely exposed for sale, while excavations were proceeding.

It was during the progress of the extensive works referred to that Mr. Roach Smith acquired the valuable museum of antiquities of which he has just produced a highly illustrated and descriptive catalogue. In our opinion, apart from the question of duty, it has been much better for the interests of science and history that this museum is in the hands of Mr. Smith. We regret that our limits will enable us to do no more than briefly refer to the general classification of its contents. The Roman antiquities comprise sculptures, bronzes, and pottery, of which the Samian collection is remarkable for its perfection and variety; tiles, pavements, and personal ornaments—and among the latter are most interesting and perfect specimens of Roman sandals. Various implements and utensils, a few Roman and Romano-British objects, and a most valuable and important series of Roman coins, with a full description of the various types, complete the Roman portion of the collection. The Saxon, Norman, and Mediaeval antiquities are equally rich and interesting. Of the personal ornaments of the Saxon period, a gold enamelled brooch of the ninth century, of exquisite workmanship, is unquestionably the finest work of art of that era which has been preserved; and of the Mediaeval objects we must especially notice a perfect gorget of mail, and a fine collection of pilgrims' signs. There is also a choice list of ancient seals and Papal bullae, and a valuable addition to the catalogue of London tradesmen's tokens. To continue our enumeration of the objects most worthy of notice would be to transcribe the bulk of the volume. We must therefore reluctantly desist.

Unfortunately, we hardly know of a single private collection of antiquities of which a catalogue has been compiled; and upon their dispersion—the common fate of nearly all—their value is greatly diminished, if not entirely lost, for the want of identification. We therefore regard the present volume as a valuable addition to archaeological literature, being a complete Manual and Catalogue of antiquities combined; and whatever may be the ultimate fate of the museum, this record of its contents will always remain with a verification of every article.

At the Académie des Sciences, on August 14th, M. Serres gave an account of a discovery of a *Celtic Sepulchral Gallery*, lately discovered in a field newly cleared in the forest of Isle-Adam, near the Abbey du Val, near Meudon. The gallery ran north and south; the entrance at the south end was closed by a

large stone, placed vertically, in which was a hole like the opening of an oven, through which a man might pass. The length of the monument was 9 metres. The four stones which composed it were level with the ground. Proceeding from south to north, the first stone was 2.90m. long by 1.10m. broad; the second was 2.80 by 1.80; the third 2.10 by 1.60; the fourth, 1.40 by 1.10. The partition walls of the gallery were formed by a wall constructed of flat lime-stones placed one upon another without cement. The top stones were placed flat upon these lateral walls, which had bent from their base, and rendered the interior of the gallery unequal; its dimensions were 0.90m. wide by 1.40m. deep. Its floor was paved with the same kind of limestone with which the walls were constructed. The interior was divided into three compartments by two walls, constructed like the others, but thinner. Of these three compartments the first, corresponding to the entrance of the gallery, inclosed the bodies of women and children; the second contained the bones of men; and the third, smaller than the others, inclosed the bones of old persons of both sexes, which were few in number compared with the other remains. The skeletons were arranged across the gallery, and appeared to have been placed in a sitting posture face to face, and to have been covered with earth. The exhumation was conducted with great care, in the hope of discovering objects of antiquity: nothing, however, was found, except two small hatchets and two small vases in the first compartment. The first hatchet, of a grey colour, bright and sharp, was 9 centimetres long by 5 wide; the second, of a blackish colour, was 5½ centimetres long by 4 wide, and had a hole at its smaller end, as if it had been intended to be suspended from the neck as an amulet. The vases were of sun-dried clay: one 17 centimetres high by 12 wide; the other, of a blackish colour, was much smaller, and broken to pieces. The skulls presented various types which have not yet been noticed in Celtic monuments: in some the Gaelic type is very perfect; in others the conformation approaches to the Mongol type, and appears to be intermediate between the Gaelic and the Cymric. M. Serres proposes to make excavations in other Celtic monuments in the neighbourhood of Beauvais.

The Numismatography of France was already very rich in local monetary monographs—for instance, that for Poitou, by Lecoindre Dupont; for Le pays Chartrain, by E. Cartier; for Lorraine, by De Saunley; for Maine, by Hiecher; for Meaux, by Longpérier, &c.: it is now further enriched by the *Numismatique féodale du Dauphiné*, by H. Morin, a work of 385 quarto pages, with 23 beautiful plates, giving a very full and interesting account of the Middle-age coinage of the Archbishops of Vienne, the Bishops of Grenoble, and the Dauphins of Viennois.

At the séance of the Académie Belge of the 3rd July, M. de Witte read a note upon the *Gaulish money of Tournai*. Many varieties of Gaulish coins are known, which are attributed to Tournai. The types of these coins are taken from the Roman Consular Denarii of the Marcan Family, as our own numismatist, Mr. E. Oldfield, has pointed out. The coin to which M. de Witte called attention was a silver medal—bearing on the obverse DYNAKOS, a head of Pallas helmeted, to the right; reverse, EBYRON, a horseman armed with a lance, to the right. Other coins bearing EBYRO have been attributed to the Eburones; the final s in this coin, M. de Witte considers, determines the attribution of this to the Eburones, a Belgian tribe. The Durnac on the obverse indicates the city of Tournai, which was known under the Roman rule by the name of Turnacum or Tornacum. This coin, then, was struck as a *souvenir* of the alliance of the Eburones and the Nervii against the Romans. But the piece is of later date than this event; and M. de Witte thinks that it may have been struck on the occasion of some subsequent rising of the tribes of the north of Gaul, when it was desired to recal to memory the glorious resistance of Ambiorix, in order to encourage his successors in revolt.

The *Athénæum Français* for September 2 gives an account of a most interesting series of papers preserved at the Public Library at Vienna, extending from the year 1568 to 1602, which are calculated to throw the most important light upon that period of European history. It appears that at that period the great commercial houses of Germany were in the habit of circulating among themselves their commercial Reports, which embraced all events, political and otherwise, which were of a nature to influence their commercial undertakings. Among these reports were those published at Augsburg by the great house of the Fuggers, which assumed a form and an extent very nearly resembling our modern newspapers. There was a number issued nearly every day, under the title of *Ordinari-Zeitungen*; and besides there were supplements, *Extraordinari-Zeitungen*, containing the most recent intelligence. It is a collection of these Augsburg Journals, and of journals sent from other towns, embracing the period 1568—1604, which is preserved at Vienna. The abundance of the news contained in this collection is explained by the extensive reports of the house of Fugger. It had agents in all parts of the world, and maintained a daily correspondence with all the great commercial houses. Its exchange and loan affairs led it to play an important part in the political world, and put it in communication with many governments,

and with a number of statesmen and party leaders. Lastly, it had gained the goodwill of the Jesuits, who were then spreading over the whole world, and frequently received confidential communications from them. The correspondents of the house took extraordinary pains to obtain the most full and accurate information; they endeavoured, where possible, to obtain the testimony of eye-witnesses; upon important events, they give several accounts, which are supplementary to one another; upon events more or less obscure they collect all the current reports, and criticise them very skilfully. Besides political and commercial news, these correspondents give also literary intelligence, notices of new books, new plays; reports of fêtes; legal intelligence; letters from Persia, China, America, Japan—in short, everything which our modern journals comprise in their multifarious columns. The reader can easily appreciate how important such a mass of material must be to the historian, and how minute and lively a picture they give of the social condition of the period.

The *Medieval Mysteries* of England and of France had already been collected and published (the latter by M. Magnin); the student of these curious illustrations of ancient literature and ancient manners may now add the series of *Italian Mysteries* (*Rappresentazioni*) to his collection. Some of these had indeed already been published, but they were of excessive rarity: e. g., a volume containing twenty-five of them was sold in London in 1816 for 32l., and others fetched 17l. and 28l. But a collection of them, in a volume of 300 pages 8vo., entitled *Bibliografia delle Antiche Rappresentazioni Sacre e Profane stampate nel Secolo XV. e XVI.* (Florence: Molini), has just been presented to the world by M. le Vicomte Colombe de Batines, already known by his "*Bibliographie Dantesque*" as a learned Italian bibliographer. In this collection he publishes ninety-one mystery-plays, and twenty-four secular dramatic pieces, of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, including most of those already known, and others hitherto unknown to the learned world—forming a very valuable donation to the student of this field of antiquarian research.

There has recently been discovered, in the Grand Ducal Library of Jena, a magnificent MS. upon vellum, adorned with miniatures, containing a collection of *lays* of the *Minnesingers* of the end of the thirteenth and beginning of the fourteenth centuries, with the tunes noted, the whole hitherto inédit. At the desire of the Grand Duke these ancient songs have just been performed, by all the philharmonic societies of Eisenach, at the foot of the mountain upon which stands the famous castle of Wartburg—the same place which witnessed a poetic tournament in 1207, at which all the most distinguished Minnesingers of the period assisted, and when, not improbably, some of these Minnelieder in the Jena MS. were for the first time heard.

We desire briefly to bring under the notice of our readers a work which has long been a desideratum in ancient literature, viz., a complete catalogue of ancient and modern Greek books, published by Greeks since the fall of Constantinople to the present time. (Athens and Paris: Auguste Durand.) This learned work is by André Papadoulou-Vretos, librarian to the Ionian University. It is not a mere dry catalogue, but is enriched with bibliographical notes, and biographical notices of the authors, and gives a full and complete view of Neo-hellenic literature.

SCIENCE AND INVENTIONS.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.—The 24th Annual Meeting of the British Association, which took place this year at Liverpool, under the presidency of the Earl of Harrowby, has been brought to a close. We purpose in the next number of this journal to give a complete abstract of the general proceedings of the meeting; which will be followed by notices of all the papers containing new or interesting matter communicated to the Association during this, its second gathering at Liverpool.

ARCHITECTURE.

MONTHLY REVIEW OF ARCHITECTURE AS A FINE ART.

In the *Illustrated London News* for May 27, 1854, is a small woodcut of the *New Town-hall at Burslem*, now erecting from designs by Mr. Robinson. The main structure seems to show a cluster of five columns or pilasters, in connexion at the angles! Over the portico, and bearing upon it with apparently crushing weight, is a hugely ornate mass, resembling what might be the pattern of a Louis Quatorze silver casket. Altogether, it seems to be a strange instance of the eccentric. In the woodcut, the upper part of this singular superstructure is inexplicable confusion! We will not do Mr. Robinson the injustice to suppose the engraving correct in every particular; but it sufficiently indicates that Mr. Robinson is no servile observer of conventional law in architectural design.

The *New Grand Central Railway Station at Birmingham* is one of those examples of the ordinary

handsome, showing how a simply judicious application of the palatial features of Rome—the balustrade, block cornice, window-dressing, string-course, columniated arcade, and rustic quoins—will insure an impressive and satisfactory effect, though there be not an indication of invention throughout the whole design.

What we have said of the New Birmingham Station may also be said of the *Warehouse of Messrs. Cook, Sons, and Co., St. Paul's Churchyard*, erected from designs by Mr. Knowles. The rapid increase of these grand specimens of our "shop-keeping" distinction among nations prompts us to consider what the aspect of London will be to our children's children. London, however, must continue to improve in even more than its past ratio, if its street architecture is to maintain a metropolitan supremacy; for the *Edinburgh Building Chronicle* of July 26th gives an elevation of the *Warehouse of Messrs. Macdonald and Co. at Glasgow*, which, for vastness and general architectural character, is of most imposing pretensions. It is 230 feet long and near 70 feet high. It is of Greco-Italian design, and, to use the words of the local critic, "Mr. Baird (the architect) has, in selecting this style, exhibited a true appreciation of the medium best fitted to impart the rich and palatial character which we are satisfied is the most suitable for our civic architecture—a style which is steadily rising into repute, and is hard recourse to by such fastidious minds as Cockerell and Playfair." In the *Edinburgh Building Chronicle* for August 21, is a part of the elevation to a larger scale, bearing out our former eulogies as to the illustrations of this publication. In reference to the critical merits of the entire elevation, we would venture to submit that there is rather too marked a difference between the centre and the wings. It is more than the distinction which should be; for it almost amounts to dissociation. The wings are entirely of horizontal character, with a crowning balustrade; the centre is of decidedly vertical character, and without a balustrade. The wings are simple Roman-Greek; the centre is a compound, partaking scantily of the Greek and something of modern Italian, with bays and mullioned windows forcibly suggestive of the old English or Tudor. In short, if regarded as one building, it is faulty in its want of unity. If regarded as three, it is a handsome range of structures. We wish, however, that the centre stood apart (for it is much too good to be spared), and that its place were supplied by an elevation, not less distinct, but more accordant with the rest. It may be that the partners are housed in the centre, which looks as if it comprised two dwellings, with an intermediate neutral compartment; and this is possibly meant to be signified; but, even then, it is to be lamented that the importance which would attach to such an extended front should be lost by a subdivision, not allowing of our satisfactorily regarding it as that of one building. We may here mention that the numbers of the *Chronicle* for July 26 and August 21 contain a critical dissertation on church spires, in which the writer seeks to deduce from Mr. Wickes's work certain principles of much value.

In the *Builder* (Vol. XII. p. 439) is the representation of another of those great buildings which attest the vast importance of the British manufacturer—*The Saltire Mills, near Bradford*. It is not a city structure, and therefore aims not at the ornate refinement of the building last noticed; but it is not less worthy of critical notice, whether eulogistic or corrective. We wish we could bring the middle division of the great central mass forward, and set the lateral compartments between it and the towers back; removing the two dormer windows from the latter, and uniting their material so as to form one handsome crowning piece for the centre in its advanced position. We wish, moreover, that we could give much more width to the two end projections, so that they might more assimilate with the compartments between the centre and the towers; but, at the same time, we wish that everybody knew the difficulties which architects have to encounter in such cases, and then it might appear that Messrs. Lockwood and Mawson wished as we have done, but could not have their wish.

The *New Asylum for Idiots, Redhill, Surrey*. The description of this building, which accompanies the woodcut representation in the *Illustrated London News* for March 11, 1854, states that a main object is "to present to the eye of the unfortunate inmates nothing that is not calculated to produce an agreeable impression. The apartments will, therefore, throughout be finished in a neat and pleasing, but at the same time economic style." And why is more than "an agreeable impression" to be produced by the exterior of the building? Why, instead of a merely "neat and pleasing, but at the same time economic style," is the outward fashion of the Pauper Idiot Asylum to be palatial and imposing, and, in consequence, by no means economic? Why this mockery of the old baronial hall, with its rich Elizabethan façade, its towers, turrets, bays, oriels, and all that wanton defiance of simplicity and regularity, for the sake of picturesque effects, which quadruple the plumber's bill, and perpetuate everlastingly the calls for repair? It used to be said, when a building which should have been tasteful, varied, and ornate, was perfectly formal and plain, that it was "barrack-like." This was an

admission that the barrack had a specific and expressive character in its range of unadorned and unassuming sameness; nor was anything deprecativo to the barrack intended. The hospital and the asylum are of the barrack family, and it were well if they strictly bore the family likeness. However hostile to good taste it may be for a nobleman's mansion to look like an idiot's home, we regard it as not less offensively impertinent that the latter should ape the lordly splendours of Long-leat. But we despair of any present conviction of the ostentatious falsehood such as that which imposes on us in the case of the Surrey Idiot Asylum. We despair the more, because reasons more important than those of an æsthetic nature have failed to arrest attention. There is enough, in the sanitary view of the question alone, to show that, in every building of the "barrack" order, the picturesque characteristics of the Gothic or Elizabethan mansion are obtained by a sacrifice of light, heat, dryness, ventilation, and cheerfulness, to say nothing of the additional money-cost at which these baubles of the fancy are purchased.

Trinity College Museums, Dublin. In the *Builder*, Vol. XII., p. 427, is an elevation of this structure, now erecting from designs by Messrs. Deane and Woodward. It is in a compound style, which may be termed Venetio-romanesque, the Venetian features being suggestive, or rather commemorative, of two periods, the Tre-cento or "Giottoesque," and the Renaissance or Cinque-cento. It adopts sparingly, as a mural decoration, the circular patera or disk, of multi-coloured inlays; and, in place of the rusticated quoins-work, hitherto so much in favour, its angles are decorated with the twisted or cable moulding, based and capped like a slender pillar. It has the block cornice of the Italian Palazzo; but its crown moulding is carved with the Gothic dogtooth. It is, in short, a kind of nondescript compound, as a museum may be, being a casket for the intrescure of things of many sorts. It is a thing of continuous uninterrupted length, as its nature and purpose dictate, and its horizontal attenuation is aided in effect by the numerous thorough-lines which cut up its height. It is altogether of pleasing and unvulgar elevation; but we cannot help wishing that the architect of the doorway had sprung from the same level as those of the small windows that flank it. We are quite aware, that precedent, authorising the mode here adopted, is abundant; but we think none the better of this clumsy manner because our masters practised it; and we will ask any of our readers whether, on looking at the detailed woodcut of this doorway, on p. 426, they do not feel a desire to draw up the central part of the composition from the subject debasement into which it appears to have accidentally slipped. It looks as if the masons employed on the doorway (apart from those working on the side-lights) had made their impost pillars too short, in consequence of their not allowing for the extra height of the upper plinth on which the pillars of the side windows are mounted. Of course, the designer meant to exhibit a piece of quaint irregularity—of picturesque *negligé*; but unsophisticated beholders may regard it as a thing of simple carelessness. In itself—not less than in respect to its combination with its wing portions—it would have been improved by elevation. But the composition, as a whole, reminds one of a high-shouldered bird, the pinions of whose wings are above the right position for working them with full power.

The *Builder*, Vol. XII., p. 475, gives a view of *Machen Church, South Wales*, now erecting from designs by Messrs. Habershon. It is of pleasing character, at once picturesque and refined, with a modest chancel and a pretty bell-turret, the upper portion of which is formed by a small spire rising from an octagonal lantern, pierced on each side with a lancet arch canopied with a high gable. The junction of the octagon with the square tower below is after the fashion which, though warranted by precedent, is, in our opinion, unartistic. It were well enough for a small member cut out of the solid; but, as a bit of construction in the more ornate part of the design, it is but a common-place example of stepping without trouble from one form to another. Where the square cube terminates we would have carried a moulding across each face; made the octagon spring at once from the level of such moulding; and buttressed up the diagonal sides of the octagon with saddle pieces, like those of the *broach* spire. This would have given a pleasing complexity of form and linear richness, more ornately harmonious with the decorative part above. Again, we submit that in modern examples, erected in the same brief period, simple lancet-arches should not be used in connection with others of decorated and elaborated character. The west window being finished with tracery, the heads of all the others should have been foliated; or, if the windows of the flank of the building were to be insisted on as they are, the west window should have been composed of three or five lights of exactly similar character, formed of differing altitudes, so as to fill up the space within a circumscribing high-pointed arch and dripstone. We would, however, preserve the east window as it is, and simply finish every other window-arch with a trefoiled point.

Mr. Lamb's *Church at Leiston, Suffolk*, is worthy of particular remark, in respect to the adaptation of correct Gothic forms and details to a plan which has a

less amount of obstruction, in proportion to its expanse, than any Gothic model we can at present call to memory. We have ever been great admirers of Mr. Lamb's taste and ingenuity. There is about all his designs an unusual compound of accurate knowledge and original thought—of respect for precedent, and of inventive freedom—of the *refined picturesque*, which is not less pleasing to the scrupulous critic than to the mere observer of general pictorial effect. He has a painter's fondness for that clustering of his masses which gives breadth of light and shadow, with a proper subjection to the strictly architectural laws of design, as distinguished from that lax love of *accidentalism* which is so much the fashion; and we cannot too much admire the effective and satisfying finish he gives to the outlines of his forms. There is a gentle power about him—a graceful quaintness—a perception of the spirit of his precedents—and a felicity of expressing his own novel conceptions, which remind one of his namesake Lamb, the author of "Elia," who at once loved old books and luxuriated in his native fancy. We only wish Mr. Lamb would afford us an illustration of the *interior of Leiston Church*; for we can hardly realise to our mind's eye the effect produced by the combination of roofs and arches in the expanded part of the plan. We doubt not that it has been effected with all possible success; but we do not clearly understand how it can be perfectly free from complexity. The exterior, as it appears in the *Builder*, Vol. XII. p. 463, is certainly a very pleasing presentment of its class and degree; and we think that a section or two, with a view looking diagonally across the transept square, would be of benefit, in their influence upon future church design.

POPULAR MEDICINE.

THE NEWS AND GOSSIP OF THE MEDICAL WORLD.

EPIDEMICS.

The Cholera.—Now that the pestilence is mercifully passing away from us, and public alarm is beginning to subside, we may calmly survey the past with a view to gain instruction for the future. And the first impression made upon us by the sad chronicles of the last two months is that nothing new has transpired—nothing new in the features of the disease, in the localities it has selected, or in the class of individuals sacrificed—nothing new in the sanguine proposals which have been put forth concerning new remedies—nothing new, alas! in the failure of every one of them in the hands of nearly all but those who have suggested them—nothing new in the almost invariable success which attends these remedies in their hands. To this last most astounding phenomenon we now propose to call special attention.

To a vulgar and unthinking mind it might appear that these publications of cholera remedies are but so many puffs—that the cases adduced are falsely reported, and the descriptions of success grossly exaggerated. But there is no foundation whatever for this harsh construction of the contradictory accounts of different respectable members of the medical profession. No reasonable or well-informed person can entertain a doubt as to the truth of most of the facts thus published. Besides evidence derived from the known and unimpeachable integrity and respectability of most of the parties referred to, the treatment detailed was, in several instances, pursued in public hospitals in the presence of the medical officers and students of the establishment, and the cases correctly and officially detailed in the hospital books; and in nearly or quite all the instances in which a new and successful mode of treatment has been propounded by a private practitioner, his representations have been for a time, and to a considerable extent, confirmed by accounts of cases published by other medical practitioners, often entire strangers to the original author, and often living in distant parts of the country—thus leaving open no possibility of collusion, even if such an absurd idea could have been entertained. What, then, can we make of such facts as the following? Cholera has been treated by different practitioners in widely different ways, and on as widely different principles—so different that no human ingenuity can affect to explain any principle whatever on which all of these plans could really have been useful. And yet in the hands of Dr. Stevens the saline treatment has been almost invariably useful, and he has lost almost every patient he treated with calomel or opium; whereas Dr. Ayre found salines of little or no avail, but saved every patient by calomel, or, if it failed in any case, there was a way of accounting for the failure without impeaching the remedy. Mr. Tucker has similar reasons for his faith in mineral acids; Mr. Grove for his faith in sulphur; Dr. Johnson, for his confidence in castor oil; and so of many other zealous and intelligent men, whose practice has really been blessed with great success, but who have unhappily failed in extending the benefits of their respective discoveries to their fellow-creatures, generally—for, on further trial in other hands, the remedy has been generally found to do harm rather than good. How are we to reconcile these discrepancies? We ask this question as a matter closely concerning us—a matter of life or death to the public.

And our readers may be surprised at being told

that the solution of the mystery is very plain and simple. In the first place, it has been assumed by nearly all these writers (and perhaps it is the only point in which they all agree) that cases of diarrhoea occurring in cholera times are "choleraic" in their character, and that they tend, if unchecked, to degenerate into malignant cholera; consequently, whenever any case of so-called choleraic diarrhoea has been treated on any favourite plan, and has not gone on to cholera, but has recovered under the treatment, that case is put down as a case of *cholera prevented* by the said remedy. Now these cases of cholera prevented are, in proportion to the cases of cholera not prevented, as about 100 to 1. Where one case of cholera has been received into a union workhouse or hospital, from 80 to 120 have applied as out-patients, affected by diarrhoea. Let us, for the sake of argument, assume that all these cases of diarrhoea (or even that most of them, say nine out of ten) would have got well without any medicine at all—then the therapeutical statistics of our favourite remedies are, indeed, reduced to a sorry figure. We do not say that it is safe to leave a case of diarrhoea, in cholera seasons, to take its own course; we do by no means think that it is safe. But we demur to the assumption that *all* these cases, or most of them, are choleraic in their origin, nature, and tendency, and to the therapeutical conclusions thence deduced by so large a number of writers. Certainly the recovery of patients under all kinds of treatment, and under no treatment at all, is a plain proof that the assumption is fallacious, if not absolutely false. But, allowing for all these cases in which the vaunted remedies have probably done little or nothing, there remains a large *residuum* of real cholera cases in collapse, or approaching collapse, in which it is true that potent remedies have been found to have very different degrees of merit in different hands; and, to cut the subject short, there is one mode of explaining the discrepancy which has been too much overlooked. Drugs and medicines of all kinds are tools, and their efficacy much depends on the hand that wields them. An amputating knife will not cut off a limb—castor oil will not cure the cholera. But a surgeon can amputate a limb with almost any knife; and it requires the skill and tact of an enlightened and practical physician or apothecary to make medicine do its duty. And, as the operator succeeds best with his *own* familiar instruments, so the physician, with his own favourite medicines, can do more than he with other medicines or than others with his. There is so much done in the treatment of severe disease by management and tact—by knowing when to push medicine, when to withhold it—how to assist its influence, or to modify or moderate it—how to keep it on the stomach, and how to discover when it becomes absorbed into the blood—that, after all, it is not so much the medicine as the *man* that cures cholera, if it be ever cured at all. Dr. Stevens knows *how* to cure it with salines; Dr. Ayre, with calomel; Dr. Johnson, with castor oil; but put these medicines in other hands—give Dr. Stevens the calomel bottle, Dr. Ayre the castor oil, and Dr. Johnson the salt, and all their patients will die. It is the intimate and practical knowledge of the sympathy existing between the medicine and the patient—all the tricks of the one and the susceptibilities of the other—which makes the medicine do its wonders in one pair of hands, and effect nothing in another.

ART AND ARTISTS.

AN ARTISTIC CANARD.

A VENERABLE Sunday contemporary startled its readers last week with a mare's-nest of alarming magnitude. A *real Titian* had turned up somewhere in the Strand—a picture bearing "the strongest evidence, short of positive authentication, of being one of the *chef-d'œuvre* of Titian's pencil." The matchless work of art had formed the sole delight of a Spanish monarch's existence; and, having come into "the possession of the Spanish ambassador," (which Spanish ambassador, *when, or how*, deponent sayeth not), "its existence seems to have been completely forgotten;" and so it came into the possession of Lord Charles Townshend, and thence into Messrs. Christie and Manson's gallery, where it was purchased by the present fortunate owner at public auction. After displaying a vast amount of erudition, in the way of extracts from Bryan's "Dictionary of Painters," the discoverer of Titian flies into a state of critical rapture about "the grace and beauty with which Titian invested his *youthful females*." Although fascinated by "the colour of the flesh," and "the exquisite proportion of every limb," the critic discovers that "it suggests no unhallowed thought or prurient idea;" and finally he stamps the whole business with the creditable names of Mr. Bailey, the sculptor, and Mr. Frost, the Royal Academician, by way of authentication. It is much to be regretted for the cause of art, and especially for our critical literature, that this *morceau* can only be preserved as an instance of one of the most unmitigated *canards* ever attempted to be palmed upon a credulous public. When the picture was sold by Messrs. Christie and Manson, it is said to have been quite clean, instead of being "daubed over with water-colour and thick varnish;"

and, as all the principal dealers in London were present, it was to be expected that a *real* Titian would not be permitted to fall into the hands of an outsider. Picture-dealers are proverbially the most ignorant of connoisseurs when they sell, but the most knowing when they buy; and common-sense, therefore, unassisted by the slightest power of art-criticism, assures us that a veritable production of the great master's pencil would never have been knocked down for *thirteen pounds ten shillings*. We have, however, good artistic authority for pronouncing the painting to be nothing but a very inferior school copy of the Naples original. Let the public mind, therefore, be at rest; let not the Committee of the National Gallery be alert, or they may chance to buy a pendant to their Holbein; let no great sum of public money be voted for the purchase; and then no one will be taken in but our venerable contemporary.

CRYSTAL PALACE—ITALIAN COURT.

From the Egyptians to the Babylonians, from the Babylonians to the Greeks, from the Greeks to the Romans, from the Romans to the Byzantines, from the Byzantines to the Goths and Arabians—through all these successive developments we have followed architecture, with its attendant arts of painting and sculpture, in reviewing the series of courts in the Crystal Palace, until we come to the Renaissance, or new birth of Roman art, the first period of which, a hybrid or transitional stage, we last discussed; and we now find ourselves in the era of Roman art completely restored, with the age of Michael Angelo and Raffaele. To these two mighty geniuses the last Fine-art Court is nearly entirely devoted. It contains an admirable collection of casts from the finest works of the great Florentine sculptor; and the restoration of one of the Loggie of the Vatican, the ceiling of which comprises some of Raffaele's divinest conceptions, is a perfect *chef-d'œuvre*. The sculptor and painter will find here choice studies and infinite food for reflection. With regard to the architectural and decorative portions of this court, they are taken principally also from the works of the same two artists; and we are brought into view of that style which forms the basis of nearly all modern building, which has been looked upon as the *ne plus ultra* of architecture, and which even now exercises the most extraordinary influence upon our schools. Is then this style the only one worthy of a wealthy and cultivated nation, or is it, on the contrary, of all that have ever been invented, the most full of imperfections and disorders? Such a question has of late been raised. The matter may indeed be merely one of taste, and incapable of final decision. If so, however, each one must candidly examine for himself, test his own sensations, and decide accordingly. We ought not, however, to be biased by the great names of Michael Angelo and Raffaele. It does not necessarily follow, because the former expressed in marble the majesty and grandeur of humanity with a force which no other sculptor of modern times has attained, or because the latter has surpassed all men in delineating the infinite divinity of human character, and the highest beauty of the divine image, that therefore either of them is an unimpeachable guide in architectural and decorative art. Their works in these departments should be taken on their own merits, separate and apart from that class of performance in which they stand confessedly unrivalled. Not even the prestige of Michael Angelo's name can make us find rustication, and the harshly-broken lines of Italian architecture, its sprawling cherubs, and urns in dangerous positions, otherwise than intolerable; nor can the pencil of Raffaele reconcile us to those strings of apples and pears used as decorations of walls, or the whole so-called Arabesque system of ornament generally. To our eyes these things, individually beautiful as some of their details may be, are hideous excrescences. Investigations of the principles of ornamentation explain why this should be so, and confirm the suggestions of taste. Any kind of ornament which does not form a part of the thing ornamented, or which tends to eclipse or nullify it, destroys the unity of feeling which ought to prevail in a building as a work of art, and occasions at once a jar in the mind. Want of organic continuity and coherence seems to us the characteristic of this style, and to pervade every part of it, and often to interfere with what would otherwise be grand and harmonious. That Michael Angelo and Raffaele should have found it a convenient one may easily be understood. Painting and sculpture were their modes of expressing their ideas, and they wanted repositories for their statues and pictures. This was their leading idea, and evidently, we think, influenced both them and other architects of the time in the style of building adopted. It was, moreover, not a genuine growth, but a borrowed style—and borrowed, too, from the least artistic of the ancient peoples, namely, the Romans.

It harmonised well with the feelings of the Roman pontiffs and the Italian grandees of the time, who vied with the Caesars in their magnificence and in their vices. In the hands of a few great architects, buildings of an imposing character resulted from the study of the classical models; but the style soon degenerated, and reached a depth of debasement at which, perhaps, no other ever arrived. Gothic ornament did, indeed, degenerate before its final extinction; but it

never reached a state of vapidness equal to that of the Louis XIV. development of classical art.

While, therefore, we see in the paintings of Raffaele a climax of art beyond which advance seems inconceivable, and in the statues of Michael Angelo a greatness of expression which, if not so defiant of rivalry as the subtler graces of his contemporary, yet certainly has not hitherto been approached by any other sculptor,—we can by no means accord the same exalted position to the architectural and decorative efforts of this gifted pair. For the highest order of productions in these branches of art we must go to other ages and countries.

Let any person contrast the specimens of arabesque furnished in this court, considered as mural decoration, with the diapers of the Alhambra or the Gothic Courts. How bewildering and unsatisfying is the effect produced by the foliage, ropes of fruits and naked cupids, which incumber the wall, interspersed with endless pictures, which seem to demand yet elude examination. This decorative idea, derived from the ancients, appears to have arisen from their practice of hanging festoons upon their walls, and conveys the impression of wanting to conceal a bare surface. The effect is different when the foliage is wrought into the wall by mosaic, of which an imitation is given in the ceiling of the loggia behind the court. Here the surface of the wall is preserved, and notwithstanding that the gilded ground isolates the foliated ornament, the effect is good. It recalls the old Byzantine specimens. But where these objects, by no means graceful in themselves, and merely held together by ropes and ribands, are simply painted in relief on a wall, the sense of vacuity is instantly produced, and the outline of the member thus incumbered is lost.

In reviewing *seriatim* the Crystal Palace Fine-Art Courts, we have throughout dwelt more particularly upon the decorative questions which they illustrate—partly because this is one which is particularly under discussion, and the subject of much difference of opinion at the present time, and partly because it is one of urgent practical importance. Elaborate architectural design is what we cannot expect to see in every house; nor can many dwellings be made the receptacles of sculpture; but almost all may be made the subject of decoration. We do, in fact, all employ decorations of some kind or other upon our walls; and, with hardly any exception, nothing can be more hideous than the productions which go under this name. Our wall-papers, our carpets, decorative objects generally, are among the ugliest that the world has seen. Habit has reconciled us to these things; but the public eye is gradually being enlightened, and a school of designers is being reared from which other results may be expected. The Crystal Palace, with its immense collections, is most opportune for the cultivation and direction of the public mind; but the better and the worse are both here, and the beholder is invited to exercise a discriminative taste upon what he sees. At present all comment is usually summed up in the indiscriminate exclamation "Beautiful!" But gradually preferences will begin to show themselves, and the current of approbation will set in more strongly to some points than others. Whatever may be the result, and whatever direction may be taken by the popular taste, a more genuine and well-founded appreciation of the ornamental than that which now exists can hardly fail to be produced.

TALK OF THE STUDIOS.

A CHASTE and beautiful mural monument, in statuary and Sicilian marble, by Mr. Noble, has just been placed in Salford Church in memory of the late Mr. Joseph Kay, of that town.—The busts of Adam Smith and Sir Robert Peel have been placed in juxtaposition in the Town-hall of Kirkcaldy.—The committee in charge of the subscription for the monument to Professor Wilson have not altogether ceased their exertions, notwithstanding that this is the dull period of the year, when the town is almost deserted. Among the contributions recently received are the Marquis of Breadalbane, 20*l.*; Archibald Campbell, Esq., of Blythswood, 10*l.*; and a good many of smaller amount.—While Martin, the painter, was unknown and engaged on his first great work, his means were so exhausted that he was one day reduced to his last shilling; and this last shilling he had kept for some time because it was a bright one. With it he went to a baker's shop to buy a loaf of bread. The loaf was purchased, the last shilling paid, and the change about to be handed to the artist, when the baker snatched the loaf from the starving man and gave him back his shilling, because it was a counterfeit. Martin, however, was not utterly broke down. He went to his humble lodging, and having at the bottom of his trunk found some crusts of bread, with which he sustained his existence, he set to work again at his picture. He struggled on till the picture was finished and exhibited, and in less than a week after his exhibition he was famous. That picture was "Belshazzar's Feast," or "Joshua commanding the sun to stand still."—A correspondent of the *Newark (U.S.) Advertiser*, writing from Florence, says of Miss Hosmer, the young American sculptress:—"Miss Hosmer has taken a villa for the summer in the environs of Florence, and will here occupy herself with drawing out compositions to mould later into clay. Her drawings are said to be full of feeling, and classically

beautiful. She has already made several successful busts; also the study for an ideal statue, which will occupy her next winter at Rome. Being but twenty-two years of age, what she has done is remarkable, and full of promise, which cannot fail to be realised, her genius being united to an intrepid will and executive force seldom met with in so young a person. She is wholly devoted to her art—rises at six, works all day, and to lose no time in the feminine art of the toilette, adopts such modes as utility, not the French *modiste*, invents; never suffering pre-occupation with what people may think, or who will call her eccentric, to distract her mind from the one purpose of her life. Her only amusement is riding on horseback, which she does after the most independent sort, alone; and some idea of her enduring energy may be based on the fact that she has just made the journey of ten days from Rome to Florence, on her horse. In fact, the 'American sculptress' needs no cavalier servant as a gallant or swordsman, she can work her own way through the world—fight it, if necessary—and so she will do, we believe, in the higher and more difficult world of art."

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC CHIT-CHAT.

MADAME THILLON has returned to England, after a three years' absence in America.—Her Majesty's Theatre, it is said, is to be opened during the winter season for musical entertainments by M. Jullien.—Prior to his appearance at the Olympe Theatre, Mr. Robson was a great favourite with the Dublin playgoers. His popularity was, however, for a time seriously jeopardised through a misapprehension of the audience. Whilst playing in the *Day after the Fair*, he had to simulate drunkenness, and during this part of his performance he hiccupped something which sounded like "priest," and took a strap from his pocket and waved it above his head. This strap was mistaken for a cross. A riot immediately commenced, and the result was that Mr. Robson was hooted from the stage, and the manager deemed it advisable to keep his name out of the bills for a week. The ill-feeling which was then excited has now subsided.—The results of the Norwich Musical Festival will not be very advantageous to the charity fund; not more than 100*l.* being expected to be saved out of the expenses. This is stated by the correspondent of the *Morning Chronicle* to have arisen from the fact of the principal artistes engaged having been paid as follows:—Madame Clara Novello, 300*l.*; Madame Bosio, 300*l.*; Signor Blaché, 150*l.*; Signor Gardoni, 150*l.*; and Signor Belletti, 150*l.*; making a total to five singers of 1,050*l.*—The inauguration of St. George's-hall, Liverpool, had been looked forward to with the greatest interest by the people of Liverpool for a long time; and, until the last month, hopes were entertained that that event would take place under the auspices of royalty. It being impossible for her Majesty to honour the building with her presence, the duty devolved upon the mayor, Mr. J. B. Lloyd. The appointed hour for the ceremony of the inauguration was eleven o'clock. The mayor and other official personages having arrived, the National Anthem was sung by the principal vocalists and chorists. The Bishop of Chester then offered up prayer, after which the mayor declared the hall to be opened. The inaugural scene was followed by the performance of the Messiah.

All lovers of the best acting will hear with pleasure that, after a long period of serious illness, M. Bouffé is about to return to the stage, entirely restored to health.—The *début* of Grisi and Mario at New York was not unsuccessful; but there was not that exuberant enthusiasm which preliminary puffing pretended to expect and really helped to prevent.—On the 1st of March, in China, dramatic pieces are performed on stages in the principal streets of the different towns throughout the empire, for the amusement of the poorer classes of people, who are not able to purchase their diversions. These plays continue for several days in succession, at the expense of the Emperor.

GOSSIP OF THE LITERARY CIRCLES.

MESSES. HURST AND BLACKETT, successors to Mr. Colburn, announce for immediate appearance, a new work, entitled "Turkey; its History and Progress—from the Journals and Correspondence of Sir James Porter, fifteen years Ambassador at Constantinople, continued to the present time; with a Memoir of Sir James Porter," by his grandson, Sir George Larpent, Bart. &c. In two volumes.—Mary Howitt is engaged in writing a popular history of America, intended to make the reading class of English artisans better acquainted with the history of the United States than they have hitherto been.—From Paris we hear that the Academy has announced as the subject of its yearly prize for 1856, "The Origin of the Phœnician Alphabet." The prize is 2000 francs.—Madame George Sand's "Story of my Life" is at length announced for publication in the *feuilleton* of *La Presse*, to be commenced on the 4th of October.

These memoirs are already completely written; and, in their collected form, will make five large octavo volumes. They were purchased (states the *Leader*) by the *Presse* so long ago as '46; but "circumstances" have prevented their seeing the light until now. If, as we doubt not, these memoirs are leaves torn from the heart of the writer, and not merely "paper pellets of the brain," their appearance will indeed be an event.

Mr. Robert Chambers has repudiated all literary connection with the new edition of the "Lives of Eminent Scotsmen," published in parts, and stated to be edited by Robert Chambers.—Mr. Rogers, the poet, is much better. On Wednesday he took carriage airing.—Miss Strickland is at present on a visit to Lady Murray Thripland and family at Fingask Castle.—Bonaly, the residence of the late Lord Cockburn, has been purchased by Mr. Gray of the *North British Advertiser*.—Chiefly through the exertions of Lord James Stuart, her Majesty has been pleased, at the recommendation of Lord Aberdeen, to make a grant of 100*l.* to Mrs. Taylor, the widow of Mr. James Taylor, the discoverer of steam navigation.—

In an article on Thackeray, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, a very good note is attributed to the author of "The Newcomes." The "History of Henry Esmond" was published in 1852 at the same moment with Mrs. Beecher Stowe's "Uncle Tom." "I forgot to put a nigger in my novel," said Thackeray, with a touch of irony, when he saw that, this time, the popularity was setting in elsewhere.—

The *Commonwealth* states that the first money ever received by Thomas Carlyle for any book of his was remitted to him from an American firm—he always having published on the "half-profit" principle, and the publisher's balance-sheet never showing any profits to halve. This money was for the reprint of his "Miscellanies;" and this was after he had achieved an illustrious reputation, as author of the "French Revolution," which, together with his earlier works, was out of print.—

According to the *Intelligencer*, Mr. Dickens has given great offence to the quality by dedicating his "Hard Times" to Mr. Carlyle.—Mr. Dobell (the author of "The Roman" and "Balder," under the name of Sydney Yendys) and Mr. Smith, whose poems made so much noise a short time since, are both hard at work at new works.—

The subscription-list for the assistance of Dr. Kitto, editor of the "Biblical Cyclopedia," 2 vols. and other books, author of the "Lost Senses," &c., is enlarging very satisfactorily. We believe the amount collected is not yet 500*l.* The author of "Pelham" gave 10*l.*; Longman and Co. and Simpkin and Co. gave 10*l.* each. Dr. Kitto's books were sold by auction last week.—

The appointments at the Queen's Colleges to fill up the vacancies occasioned by the loss of those Professors who have accepted chairs in Australia have been made. Mr. Bagley, of Cork, takes the Professorship of Latin, in Galway; Mr. Thomson, at present filling the chair of Natural History in Cork, takes the Professorship of Geology, Belfast College; Mr. Tait, of Cambridge, Senior Wrangler of the year 1852, takes the Professorship of Mathematics, Belfast.—

Bishop Nicholson, in his book, called the "English Historical Library," relates that Polydore Vergil, to prevent the discovery of the faults in the history he had written of this island, committed as many ancient and manuscript histories to the flames as a waggon could hold.—

Alexander von Humboldt celebrated his eighty-fifth birthday on the 14th ult.; he retains his full bodily health and intellectual vigour.—Some of the MSS. of Arago, containing 2956 pages of writing, of which 2599 are by his own hand, have lately been presented to the French Academy of Sciences. They contain observations upon magnetism, and the results of 73,000 experiments in that science. A committee has been appointed to examine these papers, with a view to their publication in the *Mémoires* of the Academy.—

King Max, of Bavaria, has just granted an allowance of 500 florins, to be repeated next year, to Melchior Meyr, a young Bavarian poet. Meyr's "Duke Albrecht" has been represented with applause in seventeen chief towns of Germany, and his "Village Histories," published in the *Morgenblatt*, are very popular. The allowance is granted to enable him to employ his undivided energies in the completion of a poetic work of larger scope than he has yet published, and on which he has long been engaged. Hermann Ling is another Bavarian poet who receives similar assistance from the king. The young German poets, Geibel, Bodenstedt, and Paul Heyse, who have similar reason to thank his Majesty, are not Bavarians.—

According to the sanitary returns, Taunton is the second healthiest town in the United Kingdom. The beauty of the neighbourhood is celebrated.—Captain Cook's chronometer has been presented to the United Service Institution, by Admiral Sir Thomas Herbert. It has undergone some adventures: after two voyages with Cook, Lieutenant Bligh took it out in the *Bounty*; the mutineers carried it to Pitcairn's Island; it was sold to an American, who sold it again in Chili; finally, Sir Thomas Herbert bought it at Valparaiso, for fifty guineas.—

A new asteroid (the 31st of the system of small planets between Mars and Jupiter) was discovered on the 1st Sept. by Mr. Ferguson, of the Washington Observatory, New York. It was near Egeria, and was of the same apparent magnitude as that planet. It was observed again on the night of the 2nd ult., and its place determined as follows:—

M. T. Wash.	R. Ascension.	Declination.
h. m. s.	h. m. s.	h. m. s.
Sept. 2. 13 31 8	1 52 10.6	2 57 4.3

Its daily motion is retrograde in right ascension, 30 seconds of time, and in declination 104 seconds of arc.—It is the well-known practice of American publishers to review their books when advertising them. "Firmilian," which has been reprinted at New York by Messrs. Redfield, has, in accordance with this practice, been thus described to the American public:—

"Published this day, Prof. Aytoun's new work 'Firmilian,' a 'spasmodic' tragedy. By T. Percy Jones. 12mo. cloth, 50 cents. This 'tragedy,' pronounced to be one of the cleverest satires of the age, is from the pen of W. E. Aytoun, the son-in-law of Christopher North (the late poet Wilson), the present editor of *Blackwood's Magazine*, and author of the 'Lays of Scottish Cavaliers,' the best poems of the kind since Sir Walter Scott's 'Lay' and 'Marmion.' 'Firmilian' is a hit at many valuable authors of the day, as Carlyle, Gilfillan, Tennyson, and particularly Alexander Smith, whose 'Life Tragedy' probably suggested the work. The various extravaganzas of these authors are hit off in the poem of 'Firmilian.' As a key to the personages, T. Percy Jones, is Smith; Apollodorus is Gilfillan, as a representative of the poetical puffing school; Mariana is in compliment to Tennyson; the Uncle-Tom school is in for a pretty hard hit; while much of the machinery is a travesty of Festus and Faust. The versification is as good as the wit, and both are exquisite."—

The *Literary Gazette* informs us that, a very interesting historical discovery has just been made in the Museum of Arms in the Palace of Hohenzollern, the property of the Prince of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen. The Marshal of the court, M. de Mayenfisch, remarked in the museum, what appeared to be a door covered with plaster. He had the plaster removed, and found a wooden door; and behind that door was one in iron, fastened with four enormous locks. M. de Mayenfisch had the locks opened, an operation of great difficulty. The door being then flung open, a subterranean passage was discovered. This passage, between three and four hundred yards in length, was blocked up at the end with rubbish. The rubbish was removed, and a large chamber was exposed. On the walls, at certain intervals, were crucifixes, and figures of the Virgin and of St. John the Baptist, all in wood, clumsily executed; also iron caps with spikes in the interior, heavy chains, pincers, and other instruments of torture. In the centre of the room were a huge stone table and ten stone seats surrounding it. On the table were a hammer; a plate with, bas relief at the bottom, figures of the Virgin and of St. John the Baptist; five wooden balls, quite black from age; and an iron seal of the famous Vehmische tribunals. This seal, with the other things, makes it clear that the cavern was employed for the sittings of one of those secret courts of justice, whose mysterious and terrible proceedings created profound terror in the middle ages, but served to keep in check the brutality of the oppressors of the people. Singular to relate, no other actual remains of any Vehmische tribunal have yet been discovered in Germany, though savans have spent many weary years in making all manner of researches respecting them.

DRAMA, PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS, &c.

HAYMARKET.—Mr. Hudson.

ADELPHI.—Mr. Morris Barnett.

STRAND.—*The Merry Wags of Windsor*: a Farce, by Mr. Fox Cooper.

THEATRICAL GOSSET.

AFTER a three years' absence in America (now the grand tour of our actors), Mr. Hudson makes his bow once more to a British audience over the footlights of the Haymarket. Mr. Hudson is an old favourite; and the public is, after all, pretty constant in its likes as well as in its dislikes; so Mr. Hudson is well, nay, enthusiastically received. Far be it from me to be guilty of *iconoclasm*; but, if am asked point-blank whether I like Mr. Hudson in the *Irish Ambassador*, candour compels me to answer that I do not. In the first place it would require an actor the very incarnation of humour (such as I am given to understand Power was) to render the piece itself tolerable. It is what is technically called a one-character piece. Kenney wrote it for Power. *Sir Patrick O'Plenipo* was Power, and Power *Sir Patrick O'Plenipo*; and all the other personages thrown in by the necessities of the plot were mere satellites, revolving around the star of primary magnitude. Now the objection to Mr. Hudson is that ("not to put too fine a point upon it") he has no humour—not a spark. He is a fine, handsome, gentlemanly-looking man; a good actor—that is to say, he understands his business well; but he is by no means a humourist. He cannot look absurd. You must hear him, and hear something very funny too, before you can laugh. He does not engross you; and therefore you don't like to see such actors as Howe and Rogers playing immeasurably inferior parts by his side. When Mr. Hudson appears in some piece in which he will be more melted in with the rest, he will be seen to the best advantage; but not till then.

The farewell performances of Mr. Morris Barnett—before his emigration to America, are worth a visit.

Seventeen years ago he adapted *Monsieur Jacques* from the French, and made for himself a reputation as the only actor who could do full justice to the part. This prestige has never been weakened, and Mr. Barnett is yet unrivalled in his own piece. When his reappearance was first announced to the public, by some mistake of the printers *Farewell Performances* were converted into *Juvenile*. There was a sort of happy augury about this; for, as Mr. Barnett is said to act just as well as he did seventeen years ago, there must be a great fund of juvenility about him.

It was hardly to be expected that such a tempting topic as the notorious Perry case would escape the notice of our enterprising dramatists. The incidents required scarcely any alteration to make them as comic as possible. Scene at the mess-table; Colonel Atties, with a very red face, and smoking two cigars; a few *réchauffés* from the Coal Hole; enter, or rather dragged in, Lieutenant Cider, in a state to call for the remonstrance of the Bishops, to perform the sword exercise; *denouement* at the Court-Partial, and *non miricordo*. Indeed, it is said that a well-known playwright really has written a farce upon some such basis, but that two managers (having the fear of the L. C. before their eyes) have declined to accept. The farce at the Strand has very little indeed to do with the Perry case, except so far as the persuasion of the audience goes, that they are going to see a farce founded upon it. It is a mere hurly-burly of most uncomical incidents and boisterous romping, unredeemed by any spark of wit or sense; and you turn from it with the feelings of one who has bought one of "a hundred real sovereigns to be sold in five minutes for a wagger," and finds that it is unmitigated brass.

Though there is little wool, there is certainly great cry in the theatres; for gossip abounds. The Drury-lane committee is greatly blamed for suffering their house to be converted into a trap for the benefit of such gentry as the promoter of the late opera scheme. The theatre is taken; Mr. Smith gets his week's rent in advance; a company (such as it is) is too easily scraped together at a time when engagements are but scarce; and then, when these have played for five nights, the promoter decamps with the cashbox, leaving everybody but the landlord unpaid. The committee ought to bind the lessee to let the house to none but men of honesty and of substance; the poor deluded people who are victimised in this manner accept engagements upon the faith they have in the respectability of the theatre; and the proprietors of that theatre are, therefore, morally bound to protect them. If the half of what I hear be true, the late affair at Drury-lane was a most discreditable business.

There is great talk of the forthcoming revival of *Pericles* at SADLER'S WELLS; and Mr. Daley has a new piece in preparation there. *Pericles* will be a curious experiment: curious if they cut it, which will be difficult; still more curious, if given intact.

That "eminent tragedian," Mr. G. V. Brooke, has fallen upon happy days. Mr. Coppin, an Australian manager and comedian, has taken him at something like what I should suppose to be Mr. Brooke's own valuation—800*l.* for outfit and passage-money, and two hundred nights at 50*l.* a night; in other words, 10,800*l.* Mr. Coppin does things in princely style. He takes his theatre with him; a theatre all built of iron—built by Messrs. Bellhouse, of Manchester, and to measure 80 feet by 40. The theatre is to cost 4000*l.* Messrs. Osler, of Birmingham, are making the chandeliers; Messrs. Nathan are busy with the wardrobe; Mr. Harvey, of Sadler's Wells, furnishes the decorations and properties; and Mr. O'Connor, of the Haymarket Theatre, is painting the scenery. Mr. Coppin is to sail in the *Argo*, on the 4th of October. This is an omen of happy augury; and I trust that he will find in Mr. G. V. Brooke quite a Golden Fleece.

JACQUES.

FATALITY AMONG THE ACTRESSES.—There has been a strange and terrible fatality among our leading actresses lately. Death put a merciful termination to the prolonged torments of Mrs. Warner last Sunday; Mrs. Stirling is said to be nearly blind; we fear that it will be some time before Mrs. Charles Kean is again upon the stage; and poor Mrs. Fitzwilliam lies in Kensal Green Cemetery. Whom have we left?

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC, LONDON LITERARY JOURNAL.

Sir,—Some months ago, I published in a London morning newspaper, a poem in which the War with Russia was advocated. I have since regretted this, and withdrawn from sale the separate edition of the "Ode" in question, for reasons hinted at in the accompanying lines, which you will perhaps do me the favour to insert in your journal. I should be very unwilling to come forward in this unusual manner, if I were not more in dread of evading to do what appears right. Hoping to take better heed in the future,

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

Sept. 26, 1854. W. ALLINGHAM.

POSTSCRIPT TO VERSES ADVOCATING WAR.

Freedom of Speech—a boon how great!

Though mix'd with some alloy.

Freedom of Silence—happy state

Which private men enjoy!

Not forced to turn the world about,
Or range on either hand;
Silent, not dull, when many shout;
Desiring self-command.

Who shouts, unmark'd, among the rest,
When all is still, may find
A lingering echo in his breast,
A sad, unquiet mind.

And this was known—yet thus I err'd;
Took bonds, being wrongly free.
Not much to any man that heard,
But my own soul to me.

I cannot judge of War and Peace,
That shift at kindly nod:—
Man's war with Satan must not cease,
Sure is the peace of God.

OBITUARY.

DROBISCH, Herr, a composer of German sacred music, of the late visitation of cholera in Augsburg.

LANDSEBOROUGH, Dr., aged 73, at the Free Church, Manse, Saltcoats. He was an attractive writer on a class of subjects which is comparatively little studied in Scotland—natural history. Dr. Landseborough was the author of a "Popular History of British Zoophytes," and of several contributions to the periodicals on kindred topics.

MAL, Cardinal Angelo, chief librarian of the Vatican, at Albano, in the 72nd year of his age. Distinguished in early life as an editor of classics. Cardinal Mal has since been better known as the successful discoverer of various valuable palimpsests—especially that of a Cicero *De Republica* found written under a version of St. Augustine's "Commentary on the Psalms," which is now a distinguished treasure of the Vatican. Cardinal Mal has also been eminently successful as an unrigger of papal. He owed his Cardinalate to his eminence in these curious researches. In the office of Librarian to the Vatican he succeeded Cardinal Lambruschini.

SIRLEY, Richard, on the 23rd of July, at Cambridge, for many years the manager of the Cambridge University Press.

WATSON, Walter, "the poet of Kirkintilloch," on the 14th ult., at an advanced age. At the beginning of the century he wrote some songs which have since attained great popularity—as "Jockie's far awa," "See will we yet." He was a weaver; had been a soldier for a time; and was a worthy man much esteemed.

WATTS, Francis, Esq., of the *London Gazette*, on the 12th ult., aged 59, at Richmond, Surrey, and Warwick-square, Piccadilly.

WARNER, Mrs., the actress, on Sunday last. She had been suffering during many months under a disease for the most part incurable, cancer in the breast, and her friends were, therefore, fully prepared for the melancholy event. Indeed, her living so long, under such circumstances, caused considerable astonishment to her medical attendants. Mrs. Warner must have been nearly fifty years of age. She was a native of Ireland, and, as Miss Huddart, rendered herself famous upon the Dublin stage. Her career in London is too well known to require notice.

BOOKS WANTED TO PURCHASE.

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Extract from *'The Lancet,'* July 29, 1854.

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